JUDGE

JANUARY 24, 1931

PRICE 15 CENTS

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

SOLUTIONS IN LENZ BRIDGE CONTEST

"It is indeed A BLESSED EVENT"

—*says* WALTER WINCHELL

*W*HAT is this thing that sets The Winch upon his famous ear; that half the town does rave about and toasts with honest beer? Well, by the holy chops of St. Pancreas, we tried to be prosaic about this thing. We cleaned the Corona with Kummel—for inspiration; drove out the cat, and tightened our belt. If you have napkins, prepare to use them now!

Now, right off the arm, if you live within fifty miles of New York—you're our man. If you ever come to New York, if you might *conceivably* come to New York, or if you know anybody who is planning a trip to New York—listen:

DINING IN NEW YORK was written by Rian James, after 70,000 people had written him for information concerning New York's 19,000 restaurants. From this amazing number Rian James has chosen 125—the best, the most famous, the most original; in short, those which, by reason of superior cuisine, entertainment, or atmosphere, stand out—high, wide and apart. Here is all the detailed information—the *what, when, where, and how much*—that no native New Yorker can tell you. Included are sections on night clubs, Harlem, The Village, Yorkville, wines and tipping, cocktail recipes and—well, *many* other things.

DINING IN NEW YORK is a godsend to the native son (or daughter), the visitor, the casual diner or the gourmet. Here are man's greatest masterpieces—from Crêpe Suzettes to Irish Stew, from Bouillabaise to Sauerbraten, from Moule Mariniere to Beef à la Strogonoff. . . .

DINING IN NEW YORK

An Intimate Guide

BY RIAN JAMES

266 PAGES **$2.50**

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
386 FOURTH AVE.
NEW YORK

Dept. J

Dear John:

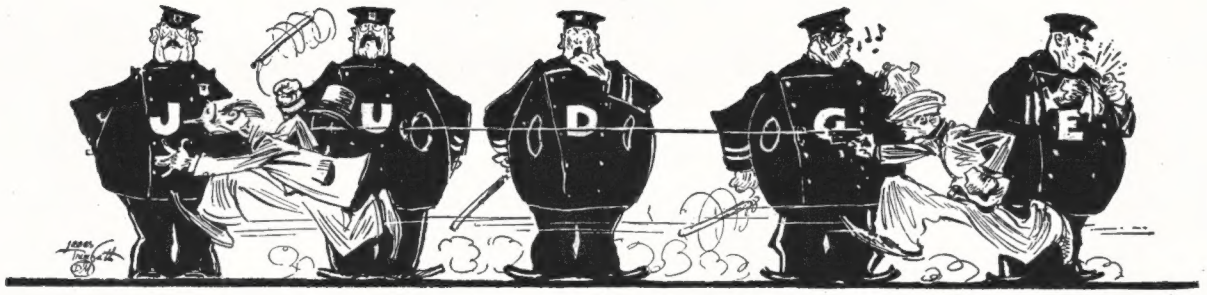
If you aren't fooling, and your book DINING IN NEW YORK, by Rian James, is really the lowdown on where to get what and how much it'll cost . . oh, boy, *can I use it!*

Sincerely,

.....

.....

P. S. I am enclosing.....dollars for.....copies.



JACK SHUTTLEWORTH, *Editor* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN RICHARD J. WALSH SIDNEY S. LENZ, *Contributing Editors*

JUDGING THE NEWS

SENATOR NORRIS says this is not a good time to start a third party. It never is.

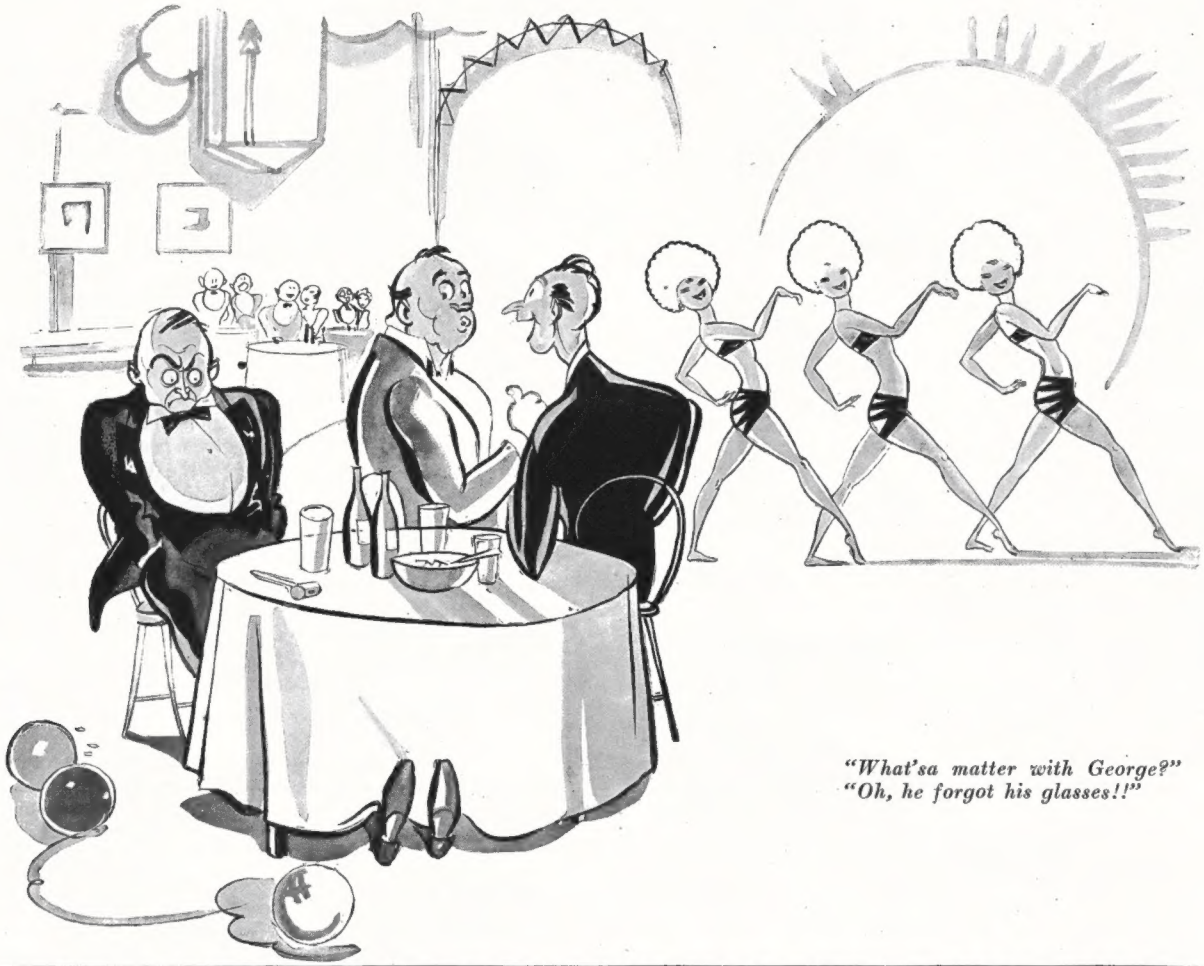
THE old man who tried to lift himself by his boot straps has a son who wants to make times better by taxing the people to pay the soldiers a cash bonus.

ABOUT the only thing the present administration has done for us is to give us smaller money and less of it.

THERE are old residents living in Washington who can remember away back when the Wickersham Commission was first appointed.

AND probably some of the Wickersham committeemen's wives are getting skeptical about those meetings.

IT is estimated that during 1931 there will be 15,000 new laws passed in the U. S. This is marvelous, when you consider that there are really only ten original jokes.



"What'sa matter with George?"
"Oh, he forgot his glasses!!"

JUDGE, Volume 100, No. 2569, January 24, 1931. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post Office at New York City, N.Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. $5.00 a year. 15c a copy. Published weekly by Judge Publishing Co., Inc., 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y., and copyrighted 1931, by it in the U. S. and Great Britain; Fred L. Rogan, President; Sidney S. Lenz, Vice President; Vernal W. Bates, Treasurer; Joseph T. Cooney, Secretary, 18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.

The Man Nobody Knows

He flips "dead" matches behind your radiators.

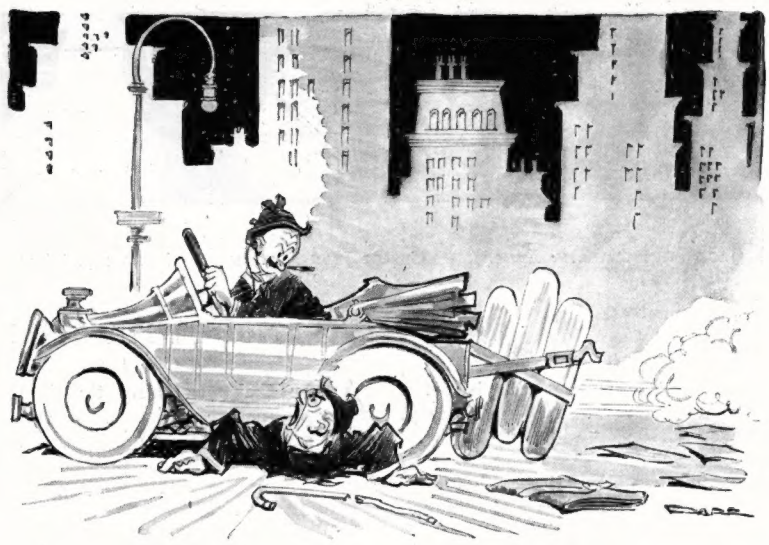
He drinks your gin, and explains, tactfully, that his bootlegger handles nothing but rye and scotch.

When he drops in for a few minutes, he asserts that Contract is passé and produces a Backgammon board to prove it.

He compliments you on the way you stoke your furnace—then tells you how he could get a "little" more heat on a "little" less coal.

He says that the way he figures it, we haven't even begun to see hard times, and that the present unemployment situation is good for another three years at least. —A. W. K.

And an appropriate ceremony at the opening of a new speakeasy would be to have the bouncer throw out the first bull.



"Tsk, tsk, running over my own lawyer—imagine."

BIG MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF A REFORMER

He is called for Jury Duty in a love-nest trial.

Gangster Activities

The speakeasy conducted by Luigi Ravielli has been taken over by the Bantino mob. Luigi has been taken over to Jersey, where he will probably be found in the morning by State police.

"Waterman" Bianciti, business agent for the Cornpone Syndicate, has taken a suite of cells at the Leavenworth for several years.

A machine-gun concert was given last Sunday evening by the Vittchia mob in honor of "Squealer" Luminio.

The trial of "Tony" Mallallo in the Brooklyn milk racket has been postponed to allow the defendant time to "get" several witnesses.

"Doughnuts" Hilley, well-known second-story operator, was slightly wounded by a stray bullet yesterday when several cops opened fire on him.

"Cigar-face" Cornpone flew from Miami to Havana recently to look over the Cuban market for American beer. —Dana L. Cotie.

"My gawd, George! Our bank has failed!"
"Okay, Junior—cover up my head, too!"

How to Amuse Yourself While Waiting for the Traffic Light to Change

STATISTICIANS have estimated that the aggregate time wasted in one week by people waiting for traffic lights to change equals the time still to be served by the combined inmate population of all our jails, including those in for violating the prohibition act.

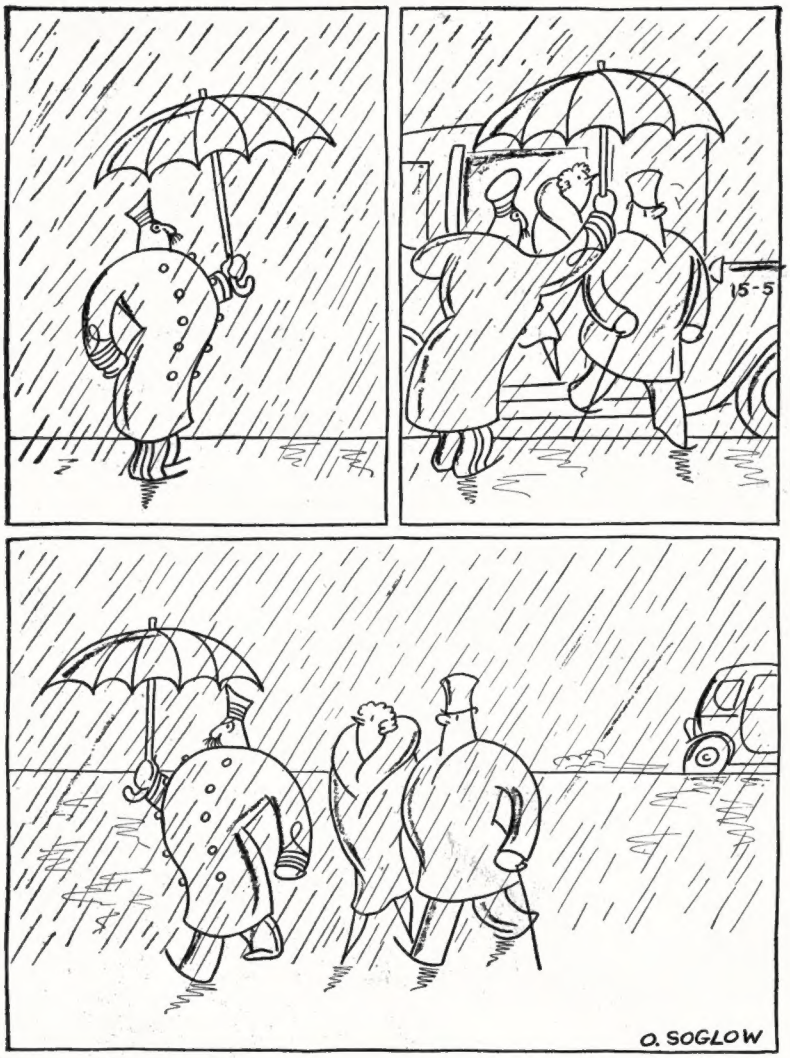
Take the case of a single individual. Say he travels an average of thirty miles per day. That's about thirty stop lights, or, let us say, fifteen minutes wasted. Think of the liberal education one could obtain by reading just fifteen minutes per day. There is no reason why every motorist so inclined should not have a set of the Harvard Classics tucked away in the rumble seat, ever ready for a quick perusal whenever the opportunity presents itself. Besides a fellow could start for downtown in the morning, get caught in a few traffic jams and arrive at the office quite well educated.

Horn honking is another way some folks have of amusing themselves when the lights are against them. Like yawning, it is contagious and soon spreads. Like yawning, too, it is sometimes hard on the ears. While a traffic serenade has never been known to have the slightest effect on an automatic lighting system it sometimes proves effective on one operated by hand.

Making faces or casting dirty looks upon the driver who has just cut in in front of you is another way to pass the time when you pull up to him at the stop light. It is even possible to exchange pleasantries. A conversation started by asking a fellow where he learned to drive will often cause the time to pass so quickly that the participants won't realize the light has changed, until of course reminded by the patient souls in other cars held up by the discussion.

Pedestrians, too, can find ways of entertaining themselves while waiting on corners for a break in the traffic. Red Rover is about the best game, and the last one over is it. The idea is not to get tagged by a passing taxicab.

"Say, can't you chaps slow up a bit? I'm trying for a diction prize."



Sales Resistance

or

Little Helps for Homebodies

THE PLAYER-PIANO PROBLEM

"WELL, *I* might like it personally, my wife is an accomplished pianist, and it would drive her crazy. You know how musicians are—funny that way."

"Haven't the space for it. Got a day-bed coming in tomorrow, and that will leave us about as much room to jump around in as a telephone booth."

"Sorry, but I'm still paying instalments on the phonograph and the radio. With them, and the baby, we're pretty well fixed for noise right now. Not that I don't love music. . . ."

"Every piano-owner that I know complains that his guests pour highballs into it. Now, that strikes me as a waste all 'round, and with conditions as bad as they are right now, I think everybody ought to eliminate temptation to waste. Why, Mr. Hoover says—well, call again some time."

"Sure, I love music, but the kids would ruin a piano. They used Tub Morey's for a wigwam and built a fire under it one afternoon. I'll talk business with you when they're grown up."

"You haven't got one in old pine, have you? You see, all our new furniture is like that, and we couldn't think of mahogany or walnut."

—STANLEY JONES

Enough is Too Much

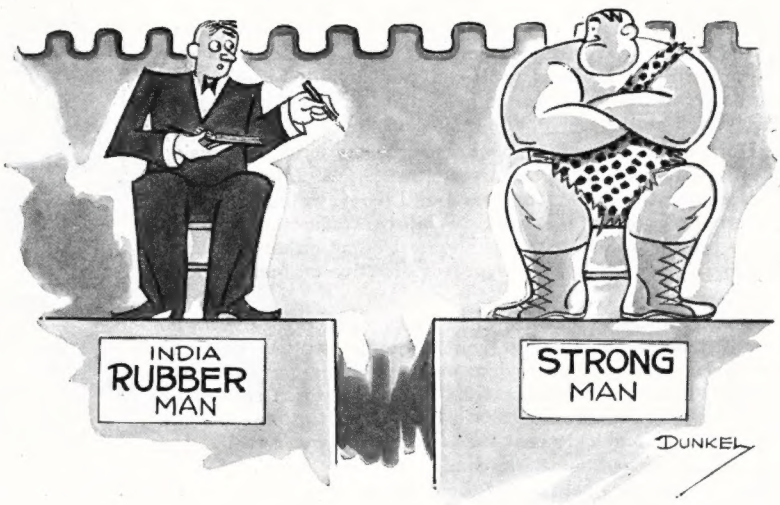
GOOD stuff. Imported. Aged, too. And if they think they're going to bluff me they're crazy. For the last three nights they've been sauntering in and helping themselves. They seem to think it's perfectly legal. I say it's nothing but plain hijacking. And I'm going to frame them.

Let 'em squeal. Let 'em try to get away if they can. I'm not going to be a poor sap any longer.

Tonight is their last. I've the trap all set to put 'em on the spot, and there isn't a jury in the world that will do anything but exonerate me.

I paid plenty for that imported cheese, and I'll be hanged if those cockeyed mice can have any more of it.

—CHET JOHNSON



"I'll pay you that loan but you'll have to take a check!"

"I can't pay you, I tell you—why, I even had to sell my auto."

Some College Graduates Who Have Made Good

Lucius K. Floyd graduated from Yale in 1919. While at Yale he conceived the idea which has made him famous everywhere. Floyd was watching the captain of the football team having his picture taken while seated on the Yale fence. A year after he graduated Floyd began his celebrated Fence Sitting Endurance Contest. He has been sitting on a fence for ten years in Keokuk, Iowa, and holds the international record.

Leonard Dalyrymple is a Dartmouth alumnus. Dalyrymple acquired a capable sales line while writing letters to friends telling them how cold it is in Hanover. He is at present third ranking Frigidaire salesman in the country.

When he was playing football at Princeton Theodore Tuffe never realized that he was forging his life work. Graduating from college in 1926 Tuffe is now a well-known prize fighter. He has ninety-six knockouts to his credit, a full dozen more than any other heavyweight.

—Arthur Silverblatt

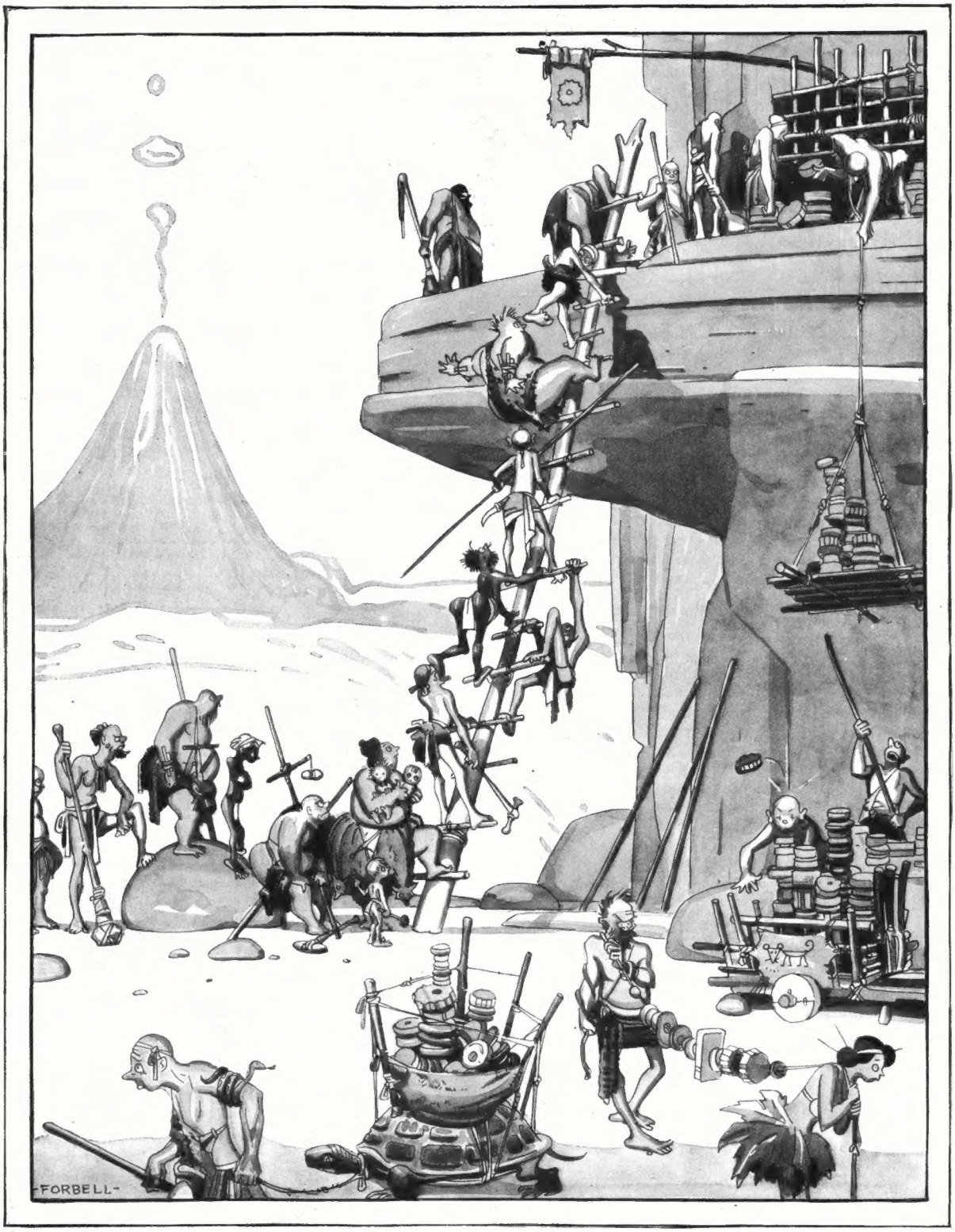
Or Scratched

A little more of this modern research into American History, and they'll discover that Paul Revere and his horse were left at the post.

Meditations of a Jobless Gag Man

I'm outaluck like a florist with hay fever. . . . Old Man Trouble may pay an occasional visit to other people but he makes his permanent home with me. . . . I'm not a child of misfortune; I'm triplets. . . . Last year I was sitting on top of the world. This year the world is sitting on top of me. . . . My chief trouble is financial; I'm in a delicate state of wealth. . . . I'll be in the bond business after today; the vagabond business. . . . Last week I was a collector of rare old coins; I collected them in a tin cup on the street corner. . . . To paraphrase the society columns, I am a prominent clubman and popular young man about down. . . . I'd walk east till my hat floated; but I have no hat. —Godfrey Bidde.

"Smell that air, Gus!"



IN ANCIENT TIMES
A Run on the Bank

How It All Came About

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS: Damn!

Secretary: What's the matter?

Mr. Lewis: Damn this Swedish language anyhow! It's the most impossible tongue I ever came up against!

Secretary: I imagine it is a trifle difficult.

Mr. Lewis: A trifle! Listen to this: "To form the past participle——" Oh never mind. Say, what time is it getting to be?

Secretary: Almost ten-thirty.

Mr. Lewis: Good Lord, and I haven't started on my address! I've only got a few more hours before I sail!

Secretary: Then perhaps you'd better drop those Swedish lessons, and—

Mr. Lewis: Drop them! I can't! I've got to learn a semblance of the language before I go over there.

Secretary: Yes, but your long address in English——

Mr. Lewis: I can't help it. There are no two ways about it; you'll have to do it for me.

Secretary: What! Then you're not going to write it yourself?

Mr. Lewis: Lord knows I'd like to, but I just haven't got the time. You can do it all right, can't you?

Secretary: Oh, of course I can do it. I've got all the files right here, but I was hoping——

Special microphone for politicians who feel more comfortable while talking through their hats.

Mr. Lewis: Never mind what you hoped. Now get to work.

Secretary: Very well. You just want the regular thing, of course—a good standard speech attacking American standardization.

Mr. Lewis: That's it. "In Swedish the feminine form of the adjective is formed by——"

Secretary: Pardon me, but about how long?

Mr. Lewis: What? Oh, er—well, somewhere around five thousand. Now don't bother me.

(An hour elapses.)

Secretary: Well, I think I've got it pretty well outlined now. This ought to run about the right length when I get it typed.

Mr. Lewis: Fine.

Secretary: I've started off with the lack of recognition accorded to writers with genuine vitality in this country, mentioning, of course, Dreiser, Mencken, Cabell, O'Neill and Anderson.

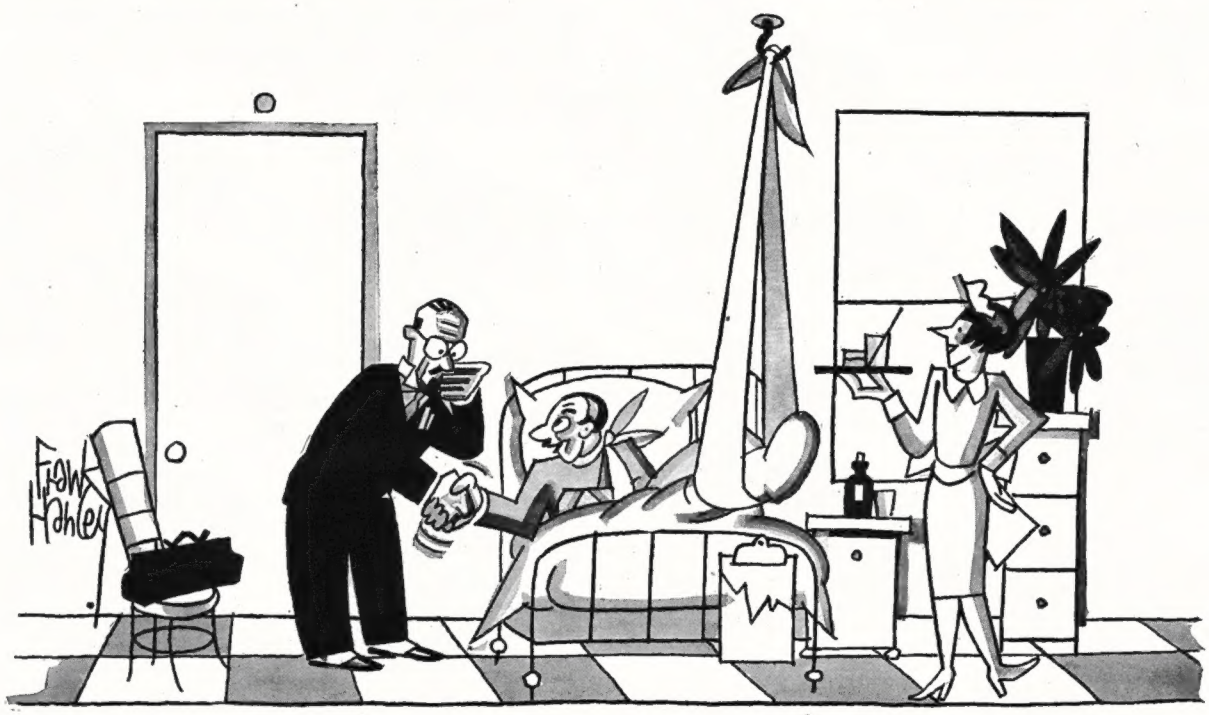
MR. LEWIS: That's right. Only it might be better to list them alphabetically. Some of them are apt to be touchy.—Oh well, never mind; I guess that's not important. Then you've got something about the man of material possessions being more looked up to by the masses than the creative genius?

Secretary: Oh yes, naturally. And I've also complained that the materialist gets more money.

Mr. Lewis: Ah, that's a good point.

Secretary: Of course the thought occurred to me that this really isn't especially peculiar to America alone or to this age alone.

Mr. Lewis: Good God, you didn't put that in! (*Continued on page* 32)



"Well, now you cheer up, doctor; things are going to pick up from now on. Worrying won't help, you know."

HITCH HIKER—*Goin' my way?*

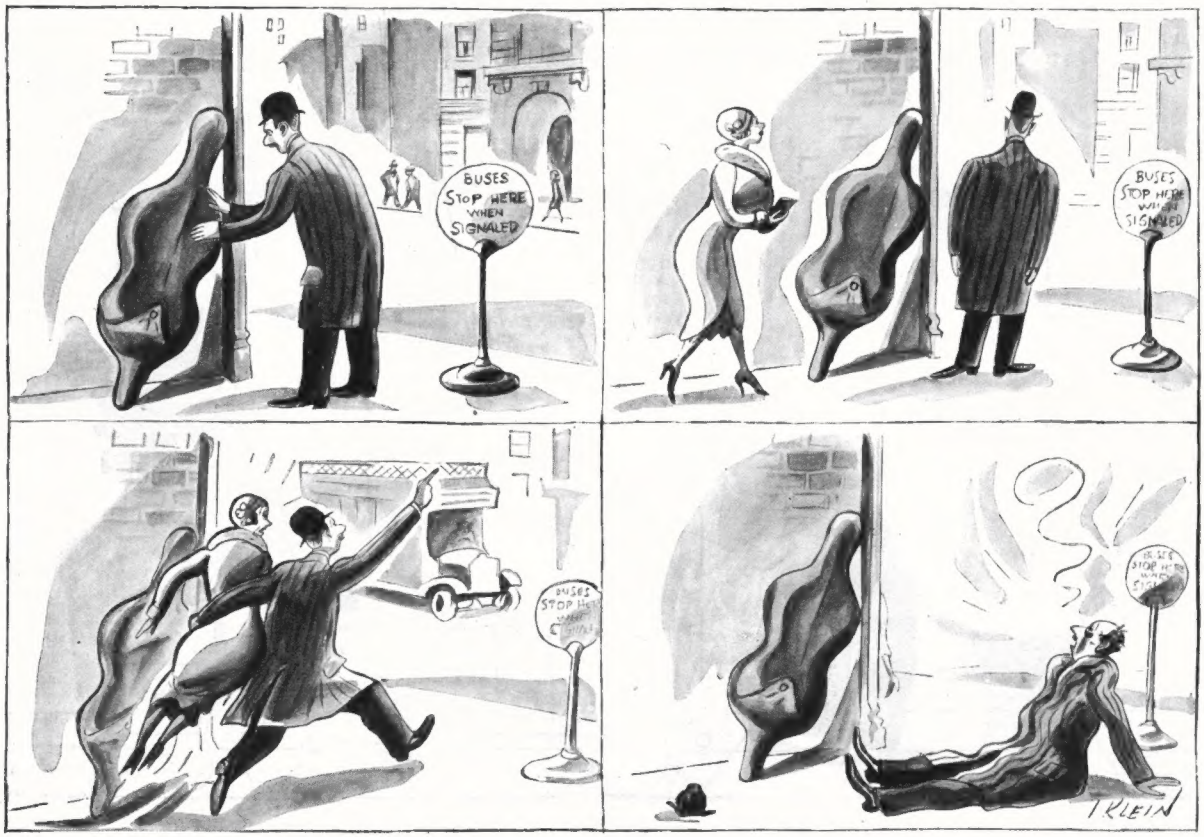
Song of The Foreign Legion

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Salute the foreign legion!
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
We're rogues from every region.
We're tramps and scamps and bankrupt counts,
We're fools who've quaffed forbidden founts,
We're Fox's, Warner's, Paramount's
Fillum Foreign Legion!

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
We're earning lots of lucre.
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
We work next week for Zukor.
While cameras grind and bugles bray
We hold attacking hordes at bay
And pocket seven bucks a day
They pay the Foreign Legion.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Our next one is a darbo!
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
We rescue Greta Garbo.
No more for puny parts we plead.
We're growing fat on fancy feed.
We're what the Movie Moguls need—
The Fillum Foreign Legion!

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



Great Opportunities

Now is the time to make money by inventing things. Scorn the commonplace. Put your imagination to real, worthwhile things in life. A fortune, or something, awaits you if you can invent and offer to the public at a reasonable price any of the following:

AUTOMATIC CAT PUTTER OUT AND TRIPPER OVER: A device that will throw the cat outside at the right hour each evening and then trip over him when he tries to scram back in again.

GRAPEFRUIT SQUIRT INDICATOR: This gadget should operate similarly to an egg candler, making it possible to apply the invention to the outside of a grapefruit so as to indicate which way each half of the fruit will squirt, the power of each squirt and the number of squirts.

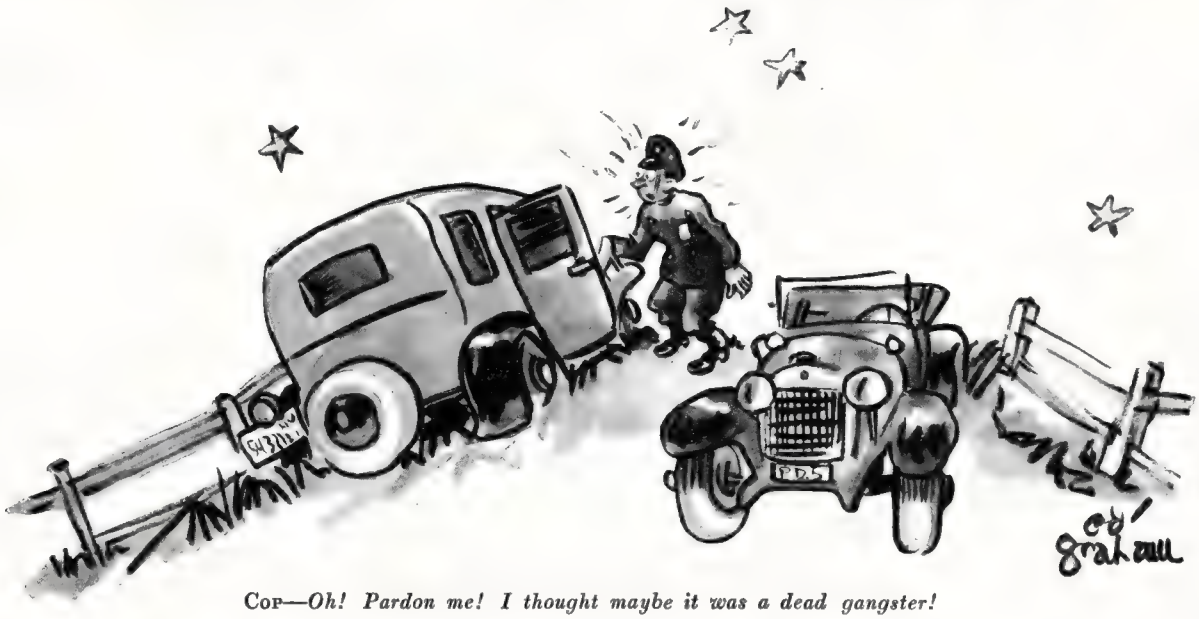
OSKY-WOW-WOW POWER GENERATOR: A system whereby the head, shoulders, arms and waists of college yell leaders may be harnessed during off-seasons and made to develop electricity.

SMARTCRACKS RECORDING INSTRUMENT: A device that may be installed in a baby buggy to automatically record (and then destroy) smart things the baby says.

MENTHOL MOTOR ANTIDOTE: An attachment that will at once administer a gargle and apply a mustard plaster to your motor when it coughs and wheezes on cold winter mornings.

—CHET JOHNSON

The first worm-drive vehicle.



COP—*Oh! Pardon me! I thought maybe it was a dead gangster!*

"Oh, why did I ever marry a sleep-walking bill-poster!"

Just the Best Time

By Quentin Reynolds

"WHAT's that, Madamn? You want to buy a Pointsettia? Pul-leeze, Madamn. This is a department store, not a dog shop." . . . Can you imagine that dumb creature, Mamie? But Mamie now that she is gone I must tell you about last night. Oh, Mamie, I and Jack went out and we had just the best time. And Mamie he practically proposed to me and it won't be long now before I am tripping up the middle aisle and everybody will be whispering, "Ain't they the sweetest looking couple."

But lemme tell you the whole story. You know Jack (who I call my Wonder Boy) has a new position. He is working for the Plumbers and Mechanics Bridge and Whist Club and he meets the most interesting people. It is really not a card playing club at all and why they call it the Plumbers and Mechanics Bridge and Whist Club I do not know. But anyhow my Jack is tending bar there and a gentleman named Tony Weis comes in and asks for a foaming beaker of brandy.

Jack says, "We haven't a single foaming beaker of brandy left but how about a nice foaming beaker of Pilsner, Pabst or Munchen beer all of which is very good as I just took it off the ship myself. . . . Yeah off the outside of the ship."

"Well," this Tony Weis says, "I will have a bowl of Pilsner."

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear," my Jack says, "we is all out of the Pilsner. How about a plate of that Munchen?"

So they go on clowning like that and naturally this Tony Weis thinks that my Jack is a ball of fire and as a matter of fact he is a ball of fire and everybody is crazy about my Jack and as far as I am concerned all other gentlemen are just a lot of eight balls.

Well when this gentleman named Tony Weis left that night he left two tickets with Jack for a fight on account of he happened to be a sport writer. So the fight was last night and luckily my Jack got the night off.

"This must be one of those Sukiyaki places."

"I don't like to do this, mister—but they'll jail me if I don't get the wife's alimony money!"

WELL Mamie it is the first fight I have ever saw and I am so excited that I swallow my gum. At first I must say I am embarrassed because these fighters don't hardly wear no clothes at all and I could not help but blush but there is a lot of women there and when I see that, why there was no use in blushing no more.

The main fight was between a gentleman named Kid Blotz and another named Battling Parker.

Parker had a face which looked like it had just come from the laundry and had been put through a wringing machine. It looked like someone had been using it for a potato masher. So they start to fight and my goodness but I am scared they will kill each other. After two rounds of this the crowd starts to boo and stamp their feet.

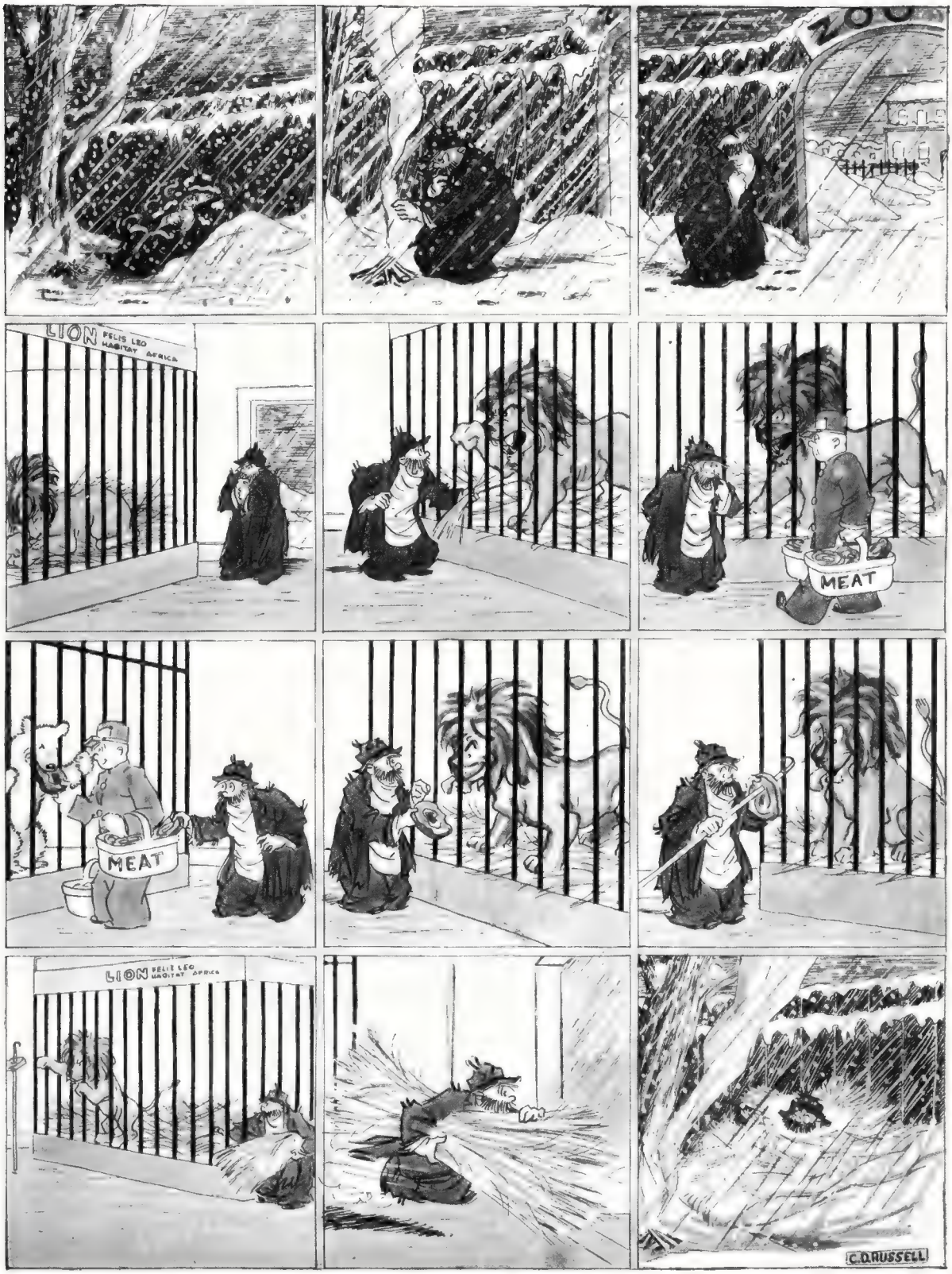
"What are they booing for?" I asks Jack.

"Because this is a lousy fight," the cream in my coffee says.

"I think it is a good fight," I tell him.

JUST then some people in the gallery started to sing:

(*Continued on page* 29)


ZOO
LION FELIS LEO HABITAT AFRICA
MEAT
MEAT
LION FELIS LEO HABITAT AFRICA
C.D.RUSSELL

PETE

DOUBLE DRY

"The fact that prohibition agents falsely pose as traveling vendors of raincoats is no defense to a charge of illegal sale of liquor to them."—Wilks v. State (*Ala.* 1926), 106 *So.* 681.

HOPEFUL BUT NOT INSANE

"For old maids, widows, 'cautious females and timid males' to look under the bed for a man is not 'evidence of mental deficiency.'"—Fox v. Joslin (*Mich.* 1923), 196 *N. W.* 394.

BUT HOT

"A gasoline fire is neither dilatory nor docile."—Prov. Wash. Ins. Co. v. Iowa Tel. Co. (1915), 172 *Ia.* 606.

GAS AND ELECTRICITY DITTO

"The writer inclines to the belief that everyone who receives water through a meter disputes his water bills, particularly those which somehow accrue while his house is closed and he is away on a visit or vacation."—Holly v. Neodesha (1912), 88 *Kan.* 109.

O. K. OTHERWISE

"He was in fair condition physically, except that he had bad teeth, arterio-sclerosis and high blood pressure."—Roether v. Roether (*Wis.* 1923), 191 *N. W.* 576.

NOBLE DECISIONS

"Prepare Now for Prosperity"

So this is Thrift Week. How different it seems from previous celebrations of the potency of the almighty scarce dollar. Indeed, a whole economic history might be written around the changing conception of thrift. Years ago the idea was pampering the pennies while the dollars took care of themselves—

Save all your pennies and all of your rocks
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box.

Hardy generations were reared in that faith. We made gods of little tin banks. Thrift campaigns weren't necessary. But prosperity showered gold upon us. Gradually certain backsliding sons of the pioneers began to indulge in "conspicuous consumption." By contrast with private parsimony we saw a profligate public waste of national resources. Plain folks began to notice that somehow the free spender got along better than the miser. The old adage was reversed to read, "Easy go, easy come."

Along came Henry Ford with his doctrine of high wages, and about him was built up a philosophy of mass production and mass distribution. We were in a "new economic era." Poverty was about to be abolished. Suddenly we rationalized extravagance. The way to get rich was to spend all you earned. "And then spend more," cried the instalment sellers. And we did. What price thrift now?

Blooie! The stock market exploded. The buyers' strike was on. Somebody said it was "psychological." High authority in Washington insisted that it was all over before it had hardly begun. Economists condemned "riotous thrift" as being far more deadly than riotous spending. Merchants started "Buy now" campaigns. Plain folks, being by coincidence unemployed, replied stolidly that they'd be very glad to buy now if they had anything to use for money. They had the impression that the banks had all the money—until banks began to bust in their faces.

That's where we stood at the turn of the year, when the National Thrift Committee, with the doggedness characteristic of American committees, set about its annual job of putting over Thrift Week for 1931. Just how successful they will be we can't tell yet. But they did a good job of preparation, considering the difficulties of the period. They could hardly urge us to save money that we haven't got. But they thought of a highly practical and appealing slogan—"Prepare now for prosperity." Their impression is that a whole lot of people "will resolve to be better off financially a year from now than they are today," but that "before people can decide how to get where they want to go, they must first find out where they are now." They have therefore issued a 32-page Income Management booklet that will aid anyone to plan his financial affairs for the coming year. That's a proper notion. This country needs planning—national planning, personal planning. Prosperity may return as mysteriously as it went, and those who will benefit by it first are those who get set for it.

True to its principles, the Thrift Committee doesn't give this useful pamphlet away. It charges ten cents. Cheap enough if you are seriously preparing for prosperity.

And when it comes, let us never again forget Abe Martin's remark, "I'll say this for adversity—people seem to be able to stand it, an' that's mor'n I kin say for prosperity."

* * *

Dispatch from The Hague: "The International Conference of Diamond Cutters at Amsterdam has decided, on account of the economic situation in the United States, to restrict production to 50 per cent of last year's output."

Will Park Avenue stand for this heartless conspiracy? Consider the horrors of a diamond shortage. Think of the dowagers starving for the lack of tiaras, the pitiful arms of débutantes bereft of bracelets, the old magnates pleading for one last look at a sparkling shirt stud, the long lines of top-hatted youths waiting patiently to get their rations of engagement rings. People of America, we have not yet felt the worst of this depression. Dig in for a diamondless winter.

* * *

The official motto on the coat-of-arms of Alabama has long been "Here We Rest." Now they're changing it. In his recent campaign Governor Miller showed that it was being taken quite too literally by office holders and other public employees. Imbued with the bustling spirit of the new South, he suggested, "Here We Work." But the motto that apparently is going to be adopted is "We Dare Maintain Our Rights." There's a jolt for you. What rights do we still have? How can any rights be maintained any more? Who dares to try? Is the State of Alabama getting satirical? Or is it flinging out a slogan for a crusade toward freedom?

Amateuriana

Nicholas Murray Butler has the right idea about cleaning up college sport. He has the right idea, but it won't get him anywhere. He says that gate receipts should be abolished and athletics endowed. Students and alumni would be admitted to the games free. The public would be shut out, as of course it ought to be. What is a football game? Two bunches of college boys having fun outdoors trying to beat one another? Don't be ridiculous. It's an orgy for the alumni, an ordeal for the players, a front-page story for the press, a barbaric spectacle for the bonehead public, and for the athletic association a paying proposition. Watch the adult morons of this country organizing to raise a fund of hundreds of millions to "give the game back to the boys." Watch 'em.

R. J. W.

Why I Read the Rover Boys

"His handsome face was aglow with an eager light as he said: 'It narrows down to three things. Number one: Lord Doakes was killed by Ah Um Er the Chinaman. Number two: Nettlyby did it to protect Gwendolyn. Or number three: We have unearthed a dastardly plot to make the world a veritable shambles'."

"It was raining outside. Mike said: 'Let's have a drink.' I said: 'Sure.' We drank. Mike said: 'What the hell do we live for.' I said: 'Here have a drink.' Mike said: 'Hell.' I said: 'Have another one.' Mike said: 'Oh hell.' We drank."

"So I sticks me gat in his ribs. An tells him: 'Lissen Rat, come across or you is going for a ride.' Sure, he was dead scared and he tells me where de stuff is hidin'. Den when he finishes, I lets him have it anyway. Naw, dat copper is fixed."

"You see that man," the croupier murmured, "he is the Duc d' Agde. Last night he lost a million francs. This morning M. Breyle Le Moyle was robbed of state papers and money. If the papers are not recovered in twenty-four hours, Prince Borasoff will die and Luxzoom will fall into the hands of the enemy."

"He thought: 'What a wonderful thing sex is. Its hold cannot be broken. But I will be strong. Marcia would have me that way. Marcia would scorn a weakling. I won't be common. Ah what beautiful legs has Marcia'."

"The Characteristic central Idea of the whole thought of the Pseudoconcept is the Legis, in use and development. The one is wholly being, the other wholly waking-consciousness."

—Roy Cleveland

"Want your walk cleaned, Mister?"

Parlor Game

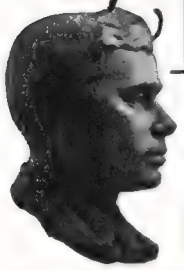
And if the company is bored with backgammon, they might try guessing in what South American republic the next revolution will break out.

An editor says: "The apartment house janitor has no friends during the winter months." Well, at any rate, no warm friends.

"I wish you'd put in an oil burner, Mrs. Brown, that coal man's a mess."

HOSTS WE'VE MET BUT ONCE

The Chap Who's Trying to Sub-let His Apartment.



THE THEATRE of GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

HAVING apparently been produced for the exclusive edification of customers sitting in the first six rows, the possible virtues of the Theatre Guild's exhibit, "Midnight," did not penetrate to the ulterior fauteuil assigned to me for critical purposes by the M. Robert Sisk. Either it was that gentleman's conviction that I am gifted with unbelievably acute powers of hearing or, appreciating that the play was a poor sort for his organization to proffer, that it were better I hear as little of it as possible. What I did hear of it persuades me to believe that it was the latter plerophory that entertained his mind.

The work of Paul Sifton, of the New York *World,* in collaboration with his wife, it—or at least what part of it I could make out—impressed me as muddled and rather childish melodrama, so muddled, indeed, that it failed altogether to mel. (Incidentally, with almost everyone on the *World* busy writing books, plays and magazine articles, that paper must be got out these days entirely by telephone.) That a measure of the muddle was due to too much rewriting and re-editing is conceivable. The play's original title, "In the Meantime," would seem to indicate that the initial intention of the authors was to confect something on the Augustus Thomas "When It Comes Home" order, that is, to show the reaction of a man when his publicly professed principles, after a lapse of time, find themselves in conflict with intimate happenings in his own household. As the play now stands, this theme remains intact up to the end of the second act, whereupon it runs amok and resolves itself for the rest of the session into what is little more than irrelevant farce. I may be sadly in error, but it strikes me that the authors, having imagined a wholly different third act, were persuaded at one time or another before the play saw the light of production that their act was banal and were influenced to give it a novel kick at any expense. Their play, true enough, would not have been any better if they had followed through with what I suspect to have been their original design, but as it presently reveals itself it is neither meat nor herring.

Mr. Moeller, who has staged the play, has worked hard to give it a semblance of life by way of concealing the authors' neglect to do so. His technique in his juncture periodically takes the form of making all the characters talk at once, a device favorite of directors who imagine that in actual life people never wait for one another to get through talking, as stage characters do, but persistently invade any conversation that is going on. The dodge generally banishes all sense of actuality from the proceedings on a stage, if for no other reason than one is made overly conscious of the evident pains to which the director has gone to make the trumped-up gabble seem casual and natural. The actors in such cases, long used to stage tradition and palpably nervous, seem always to be fighting against themselves not to wait until the others have finished their lines before reading their own, and the result is like a lot of broad-jumpers suddenly called upon to sprint a hundred-yard dash.

The Siftons' melodrama avoids life with the persistence of a St. Francis. It shows us a New York tabloid newspaper reporter, who, uncovering the most sensational news story of his career, suppresses it out of sympathy for a girl upon whom he has clapped eyes for the first time only an hour or so before, with whom he has exchanged only a half dozen words, and for whom, even for hokum purposes, the authors haven't made him feel the first faint tremors of love. It shows us a City of New York worked up into a feverish spleen against the foreman of a jury that has found a young woman guilty of murder. It shows us the entire press of the city devoting its efforts to embarrass the lowly foreman, the while it evidently allows the District Attorney to snooze peacefully at home, and it causes the New York *Mirror* to offer the foreman one thousand dollars for a statement of one thousand words! It asks us to believe that no one would hear three loud pistol shots in the still of night on a nearby quiet street corner, and that a politically powerful District Attorney would promptly put his tail between his legs and run at the first threat of a cheap tabloid reporter. And it asks us further to believe that a gangster, going out with a gun on a dangerous mission, would take a girl he had picked up along with him.

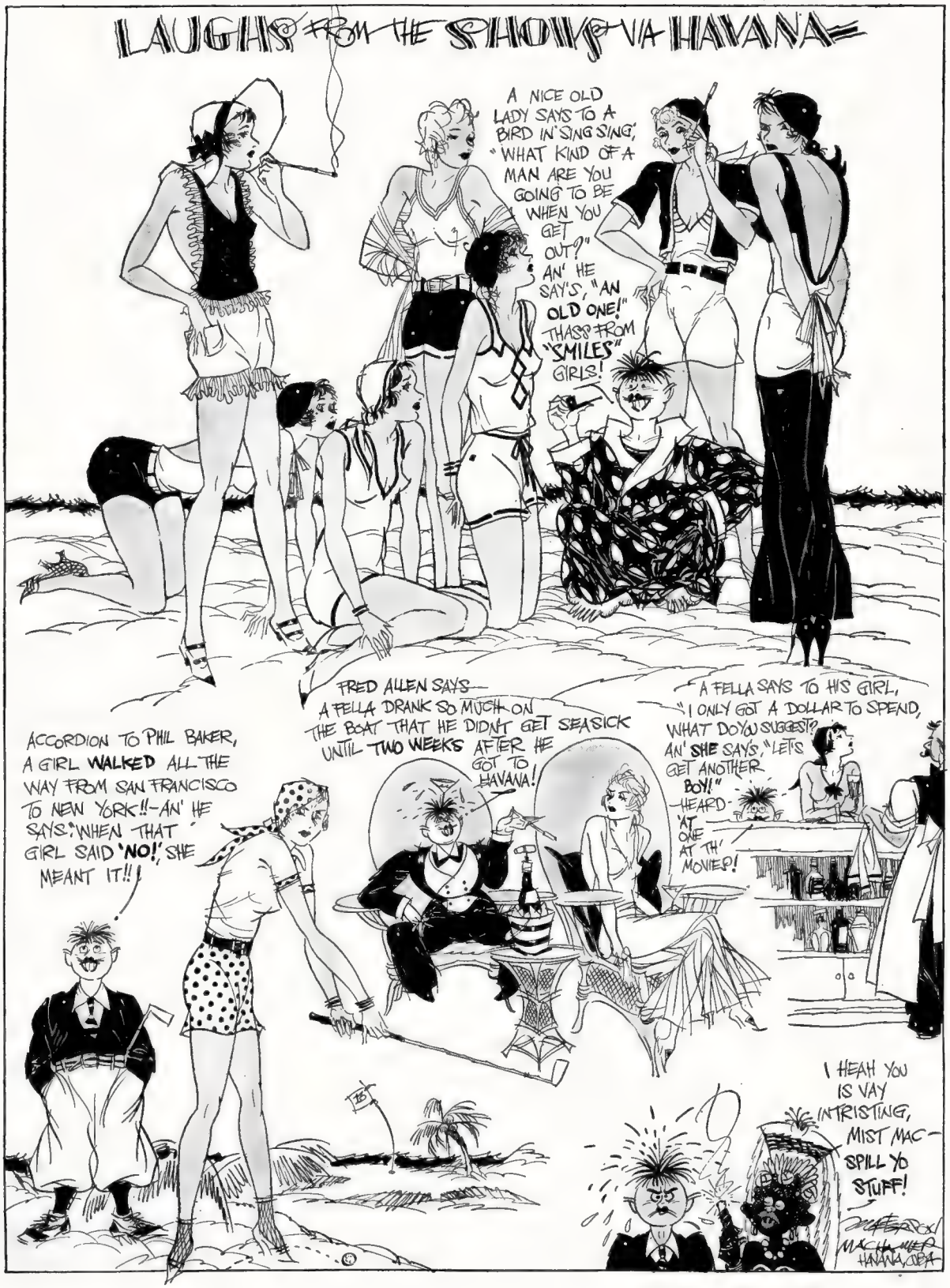
No, Brother Sisk, it won't do—not even from that seat you gave me 'way back in K.

* * *

LOUIS WEITZENKORN'S "Five Star Final," another exhibit dealing with the tabloids, is written with a machine gun. Hot with indignation, it sprays its lead all over the stage of the Cort Theatre, riddling the hypocritical owners of such sheets, puncturing the skins of their departmental heads, drawing the blood in gallons from their reporters, photographers and feature writers, and leaving the platform at the finish strewn with the corpses of their disingenuous pretensions. But crude, poorly written, often obviously vindictive though it is, there is no denying that it gets the effect it sought to get and, more, that it probably gets that effect better than if it had been contrived with the softer and vastly more skilful pen of such other dramatic journalistic attacks as Fagan's "The Earth," Bennett's "What the Public Wants," and the like. As dramatic art, it is critically without any quality whatsoever. But as a propaganda fireball it has its points. One thing is certain and that is that it holds the interest, as a dog fight or a sewer blasting might hold it, and that one doesn't feel like leaving one's seat until the last asafœtida bomb has been exploded.

The effect of the play—discreetly scouted and denied, I observe, by a number of the reviewers on the papers—is all the more to be speculated upon when one considers that the staging,

(*Continued on page* 31)


LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS VIA HAVANA
A NICE OLD LADY SAYS TO A BIRD IN SING SING, "WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GET OUT?" AN' HE SAY'S, "AN OLD ONE!" THASS FROM "SMILES" GIRLS!
FRED ALLEN SAYS— A FELLA DRANK SO MUCH ON THE BOAT THAT HE DIDNT GET SEASICK UNTIL TWO WEEKS AFTER HE GOT TO HAVANA!
A FELLA SAYS TO HIS GIRL, "I ONLY GOT A DOLLAR TO SPEND, WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST? AN' SHE SAY'S, "LET'S GET ANOTHER BOY!" HEAD 'AT ONE AT TH' MOVIES!
ACCORDION TO PHIL BAKER, A GIRL WALKED ALL THE WAY FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK!!—AN' HE SAYS: WHEN THAT GIRL SAID 'NO!' SHE MEANT IT!!
I HEAH YOU IS VAY INTRISTING, MIST MAC— SPILL YO STUFF!
HAVANA, CUBA

"Now, how the devil d'ya put these things on?"

"Hey—what'ell, I'm payin' for protection, ain't I?"
"That's the worst of those dumb dogs; you can't teach 'em the difference between right and wrong."

The Man of the Hour

THE history books do not record how Rex, Emperor of Benightia, once solved a grave problem of state, so for the benefit of those future students of the emperor's day, I am setting it down here. It constitutes to my notion one of the brightest pages in the world's history and will be recognized as such by posterity if not by the present generation.

The emperor was seated at his desk in the offices of International Bankers, Inc., when his telephone rang.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Your prime minister, the secretary of the interior, the leader in the senate and the royal keeper of the files and records to see you, sire," he was told.

"Send them in one at a time in the order named."

The prime minister entered.

"Sorry to disturb you, Sire, but the people of Calchusetts, one of your provinces, complain that the tariff, recently enacted, is ruining their trade in bridge novelties with the pigmy tribes of Africa. They say the pigmies refuse to buy the novelties because of the tariff on hippopotamus hair."

"Very well," said the emperor, "I'll appoint a commission."

THE prime minister left and the secretary of the interior was ushered in.

"Your majesty," he said, "I never would have bothered you were it not for a matter of great import. The residents of the south report that racketeers are trying to gain control of the acorn trade and that their hog industry is thereby threatened. They fatten the hogs on acorns, you know."

"O.K.," said his majesty, "Get me a list of names and I'll appoint a commission to look into it."

"Yes, your majesty," the minister replied and left.

The leader in the senate was shown in.

"Your majesty," he said, "something terrible is about to happen."

"What is it? Tell me quickly."

"The crape makers of Angelia face starvation."

"How, pray tell?"

"The people of the empire have begun a new custom of wearing white crape for mourning and the Angelians have millions of pounds of black on hand. They will be bankrupt in little time."

His majesty pondered.

"Assure them that a commission shall be appointed at once."

THE leader left, passing on his way out the royal keeper of the files and records.

"Well, well, royal keeper," the emperor greeted him, "what can I do for you?"

"Sire, I have found by a careful check of the records that members of our commissions now out-number our total male population, reaching that figure six months ago. Since that time the commission-naming commission has been sending abroad for men to fill the commissions. Then, too, the people are beginning to complain. The situation is indeed acute."

"I agree with you entirely," the emperor replied, thereby setting a record. "The situation is critical, very critical. I shall give it a great deal of thought."

He turned in his swivel chair with his back to the royal keeper, leaned back and stared thoughtfully at a fleck of dirt high up on the wall. Fifteen minutes later he whirled around suddenly, whacked his desk with his fist and shouted:

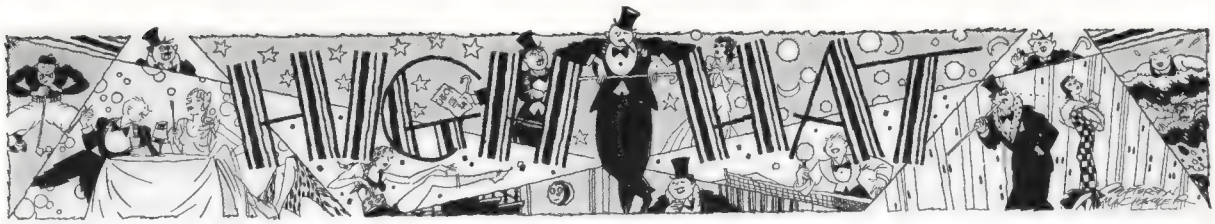
"I have it, we'll name a commission at once!"

—GLENN R. DODD

The average man's idea of the proper form of taxation is a system that will tax whatever he hasn't any of.

HOTEL MANAGER—*How about your bill, Mr. Glotz?*

"Is my face red? They only hire night club hostesses."



It's All Done With Glasses

WHEN that booksy old wag, Ted Shane, made some crack the other day in his column about the powers of Indian Fakirs to stuff knives thru their flesh, stay buried for nine days, etc., being "nice Oriental parlor tricks," little did he know about it. For I heard of a wild party in the Oranges recently that sported a real Fakir among the guests. He was a quiet fellow who was obviously not having a very good time, but not showing it.

By and by one of the drunken guests approached him and started riding him about the miraculous powers the Fakirs are supposed to have over the flesh. "Why," hiccoughed the skeptical pest, "if you have these marvelous powers, don't you use them to drink with? What harm can liquor do you?" The Indian calmly replied: "It would be demeaning my powers, sir!" "Aw gwan!" the s. p. went on, "liquor'd affect you like anybody else."

With which the Fakir picked up two tumblers and a bottle. He poured off equal shots, filling the glasses right up to the brim. Handing one glass to the other, he raised his own and drank it off at a gulp. The other, when his mouth closed, took a healthy swig but couldn't make the glass.

Whereupon the Indian took his glass and polished that off too.

By and by the drunk was sticking pins into himself and not feeling it. The Fakir spent the rest of the evening singing "Sweet Adeline."

Eye-queue

I MADE the highbrows the other night (all except the one in green). It was at a Columbia University party and they sat around and played I. Q.s. You've got to mind them, too, to be good at the game. It goes this way:

You tell an anecdote to the assembly. It contains one glaring mistake. The one who picks the flaw first is the bright boy or girl with the Big I. Q. (Intelligent Quotient, you morons.) Some samples: A man's asleep in the back of the church waiting for his wife who is singing in the choir. He is dreaming of the French Revolution. Just as he gets to the actual instant of a guillotining his wife taps him on the back of the neck with a glove. He falls over dead. (It actually happened in Pennsylvania.) What's wrong with this picture?

A coin collector was offered an old Roman piece. One side bore a head of Caesar, the other bore the date 50 B.C. He refused to buy. Why? Answers next week.

Unimportant Items

OUTSIDE the Palace Theatre stands a broken down bookie, wearing a high shabby hat, a motheaten astrakhan collar, and selling apples. When last seen he was wowing 'em for a finish.

Rubber checks can be bought (drawn against the United States Bank) being peddled by sardonic hawkers all along Mister Winchell's Broadway.

Miss Curtis, one of filmdom's lone women producers, tells the tale of how she tried to peddle the screen rights to Ralph Connors' famous novel "The Sky Pilot." The flicker satraps

thumbed down on it for a long time. At a final conference, however, the boys argued pro and con and swept off their feet by the recent success of "Hell's Angels" and "Dawn Patrol" decided to make just one more flying picture and bought it!

You can buy an electric heater attachable to your garage electric light which will heat your auto oil on cold mawnins.

Despite the terribly hard times the taxi companies continue to dump newer and more luxurious cabs on the streets. Incidentally those nickel knickknacks and side exhaust tubes mean absolutely nothing on those Five-Boro taxis. What a phoney age!

Charley Caldwell, noted Yale footballer and baseballer now runs a lunch counter in New Haven. The wealthy old professional!

If a girl enters a cab and sits herself on the left side it means there's nothing doing. So gentlemen, puhleese!

In the lobby of the Globe Theatre along the Chiselers' Chasm, and just to give the customers an idea of what's ahead of them, hangs a gold-

fish bowl overrunning with buttons. Sign above reads: "Our porter swept these up last night — they came off hilarious patrons' clothes as they witnessed 'Charley's Aunt.'" And they roast beef!

Recently the Paramount Theatre screamed in electric lights the fact to the unemployed millions going by that "Only Saps Work."

Texas Guinan says that alimony is something caused when two people make a mistake and one pays for it.

One night a Bishop awoke at a friend's house, stumbled to what he thought the casement windows, opened them wide, took a deep breath and went back to bed. In the morning he found that he had really opened a large bookcase!

Which is less disastrous than the story of the famous large-gentleman-about-town who wakened in the middle of the night at a swank houseparty and possessed of a terrific thirst. He groped in the dark for what he thought the bedside thermos bottle, knocked it over, got up, tramped thru the wet to the bathroom for a drink, tramped back thru the wet and crawled back into bed, still practically asleep. In the morning he discovered that he had upset a bottle of ink and had trailed it all over a million dollars' worth of Chinese rugs.

Busy and Vice Versa

Instead of spending your good old fashioned coin on the magazines that seem to be running wild with imitation Dotty Parker, publishing poem after poem which leads up seriously to a back snapping last line, why not write your own? Herewith the sure-fire formula: Take the Oxford Book of Verse six lines of any poem of love by any common poet and add one of the following: "And life is a kick in the pants"; "But! oh what a good girl am I!" "And you, my love, can scram!" and "Nuts to you, old thing!"

Something Under Your High Hat

Here is the second set of Nut-crackers instituted in this Turret of Twosh last week. Remember, the editor is giving away dollars for acceptable questions and answers, similar to the following, and published here:

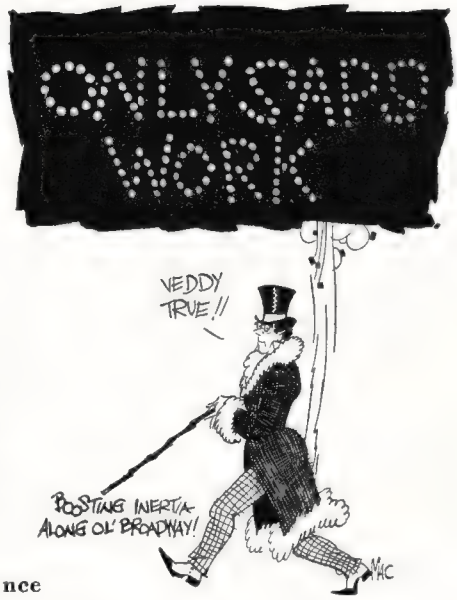
1. What are qualms?
2. Name one of the Romance Languages.
3. What is the Horn of Plenty?
4. Where is the House of Usher?
5. Who won fame as the leader of the Orangemen?

Answers on page 32.

Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining

A friend of mine who is a barristah (hear! hear!) tells me that in every sizable town in the U. S. there are professional "hittees," who make a business of getting hit by large, handsome cars. This odd practice brings in a princely income, and it is rarely that one is badly hurt. When he is he looks upon it philosophically as part of the fortunes of war, and besides, he can then comfortably afford a long convalescence.

This same barristah tells me of a chap in Troy, N. Y., who is not only a professional hittee, but owns a car himself. Recently fortune favored him to the extent of mixing him up in an honest-to-goodness collision with a big Packard which sped away without even giving the injured one an opportunity to get his license number. The hittee stared hard at his car, which had been shoved off the road and turned over on its side. Professional instinct told him that this was the chance of a lifetime, but the hitter was gone, and couldn't be brought back! And then a light broke over him, and he set off on foot to get his uncle, who had a car and who was well insured. The rest was easy—uncle drove by the overturned car, having first dented one fender of his own car to add a touch of realism to things, and uncle was sued and the insurance company settled up (and they did, too!) and uncle and nevvy split. There was a long convalescence that time, and well-earned, too.



Best Steppers

Button Up Your Heart & Blue Again — Ipana Troubadours — Columbia.

Sweetheart of My Student Days & Little Things of Life — Wallace — Columbia.

You're Simply Delish & Your Lips Met With Mine—Lown—Victor.

—Judge, Jr.

"T'ain't me yellin', Pop, it's Graham McNamee."
"Well, shut him up, too."

Something's Gotta Be Done

"HELLO! . . . This the broadcasting studio? . . . I want Mr. Glink, the program director, and make it snappy, sister! . . . 'Lo? Glink? . . . This is Humphrey McGloyk, of the Rosemarie Ashcan Company! . . . What're you trying to slip over, Glink? . . . What? . . . Say, you know what I'm talking about, all right! . . . Yes, I've got a grouch on! . . . A fine line you handed me last week! . . . I sign up for a two-thousand dollar half-hour three nights a week and . . . What? . . . Yes, I know the program's being broadcast! . . . Heard it last night, and that's what I'm yowling about! . . . You told me, Glink, that you'd frame those programs, get the talent, fix up the introductions and everything! . . . Well, all I got to say is you made a fine mess of things! . . . You think we got money to throw away? . . . Seventeen years we've put in making our products what they are today, and you turn loose a bunch of hams and make us look like saps! . . . Take that broadcast last night, Glink. Two saxophone duets, a gang of crooners and three fox trots! Y'call that a program for a dignified, conservative old firm like ours? Well, I don't! And I'll tell you this right now, Glink: Either you give us more Bach and Beethoven and guys like that from now on or you can take Rosemarie Ashcans off the air!"

—CHET JOHNSON

Things are picking up. Only about one-half the long lines of people you see are bread lines—the other half are runs on banks.

If a convicted criminal doesn't plead insanity these days, he's crazy.

The Interview

"WELL, Mr. Blotz," said the interviewer, "Your story has been very interesting, and it is especially gratifying to our Success Magazine to have your statement that business is great in the face of this so-called depression. While most executives are complaining you go on record that your business is better than it ever has been."

"Yes, it is," replied Mr. Blotz, "and as I said before, 1930 was our biggest year since we started in business forty years ago."

"That's the way to talk," exclaimed the interviewer. "That's just fine and while I have enjoyed your story immensely, I'm afraid I've neglected to find out just what product you manufacture."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said Mr. Blotz. "I guess I forgot to tell you but then I supposed you knew—we make red ink exclusively."

—E. H. M.

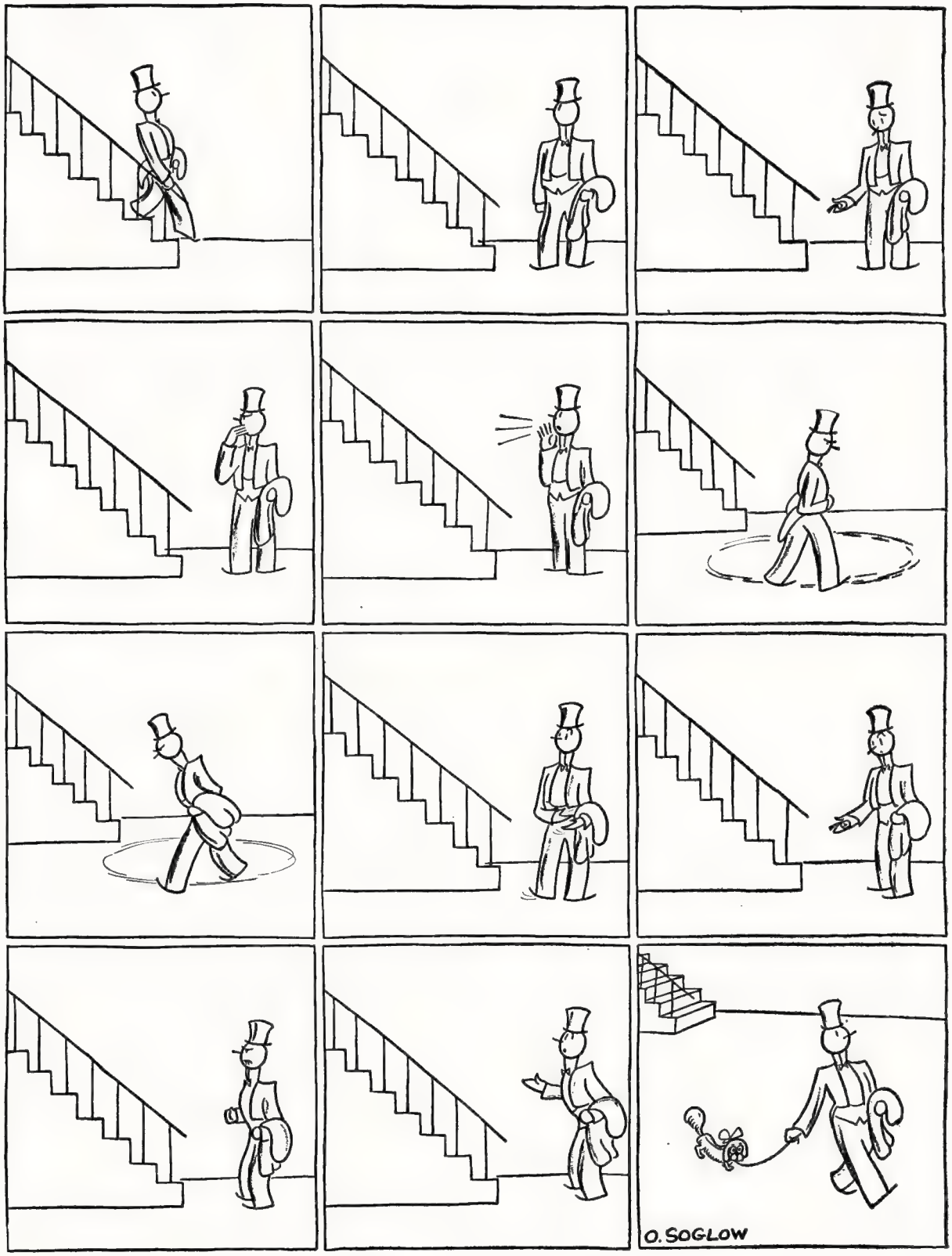
The Coolidge game is the latest in parlor games. The players all sit around in a circle and say nothing; then they take paper and pencils and write what they said.

"Ah! Give me youth!" sighed the old man. "Especially the one who flung that snow-ball!"

"Mistuh Johnson, I has discovered I can get you yo' divorce on the grounds that yo' marriage ain't legal, on account of her father, he had no license to carry a gun."

"Well, Bert, all we need now is some gin and ginger ale."

JUDGE



JUDGING THE MOVIES

By
PARE LORENTZ

THE most successful picture of the week was intended for children, or that is what I was told. It was "Tom Sawyer" and was played by as unsophisticated a group of children as you will find outside the sophomore class of any reform school. Little Mitzi Green, who can't be a day over nineteen, played Becky, while Jackie Coogan put aside his spats, his Coronas and his brokers' notices and played Tom Sawyer. And if you think I saw it you're crazy.

I AM GLAD the producers are attempting to bring the children into the theatre, even though sentiment prevents me from joining in their merry-making. From what I have seen the ordinary intelligent child between the ages of 4 and 8 would just as soon think of seeing Jackie Coogan the second time as a police sergeant would think of stopping in a restaurant that abides by our national laws. And, as far as that goes, I have heard them complain bitterly at such honest attempts at juvenalia as "Moby Dick," "Madonna of the Streets," and "Little Accident." I have seen them express pleasure at the flying in "Hell's Angels" and they are consistent admirers of Laurel and Hardy, the newsreels and the all too occasional marionette shows of Tony Sarg. And so the producers hire Mitzi Green and Jackie Coogan to bring the little kiddies into the theatre. It would be cheaper, and would make better sense, if they put skating rinks and marble galleries in their theatre lobbies. However, if this suggestion is ignored —and I have every reason to believe it will be—let the child lovers hire Mr. Richard Hughes to direct his "Innocent Voyage." The children will understand it and the adult audience: *i.e.*, the salesmen, chorus girls, débutantes and retired railroad engineers, will think it good comedy.

IT WAS just as shocking to see Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, senior, in a smutty picture as it would be to see little Mitzi Green smoking a Cubeb, or little Jackie Coogan putting thumb-to-nose at his grandmother, and he deserves to lose a great body of his young admirers. The new Fairbanks show is called "Reaching for the Moon," and it is strained from beginning to end. There are touches of the Fairbanks flair, the show moves along smoothly, there is only one song in it, and Edward Everett Horton is very successful as second man in the show. However, there is, when you get down to it, nothing in "Reaching for the Moon" but Mr. Fairbanks. This has been true of his movies for the last ten years, but in the past Mr. Fairbanks was doing something, going somewhere, moving along. See to what low estate we have fallen! The old Romanticist actually stands for minutes at a time and engages in double entendre so dull it might have been lifted from any successful English play.

I suppose "Reaching for the Moon" will pass in Hollywood for a smart conception of a Wall Street broker. (It might even pass in certain Broad Street offices, although the pent-house, sixteen-cylinder, amphibian broker has almost vanished from existence; it might be a good idea to catch one of the few survivors, stuff him and put him on view at the American Museum. Anyway, you could stuff him.) Mr. Fairbanks is breaking the market, just as simply as movie heroes have these many years, when he meets Bebe Daniels. Why, after years of pulling beautiful young ladies out of hats every time he went to work, Mr. Fairbanks should suddenly meet Miss Daniels, is something beyond me. Perhaps, because the heroine of this movie is supposed to be a flyer, and because Miss Daniels *is* an honorary member of an Army flying corps, Mr. Fairbanks thought it would lend authenticity to the show to cast the young lady. And perhaps she does lend authenticity; I do not know much about lady flyers. She didn't lend anything else, and she was only one of many disappointments. Horton was the only good thing in the show.

"SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS" is the most genuine movie I have seen since "Hallelujah." It is a French picture, which only makes the whole thing more amazing. Simple, unaffected, it has a lingering charm that was created by certain direction, excellent lighting, and that indefinable something that manifests itself even in a movie when an artist follows through a conception of a worthy job. You do not need to understand French in order to capture the spirit of this simple piece. A boy and a girl are peddling a song on the streets—and a very good song it is, too—and their anxiety is manifested by a quickened tempo. The boy is put in jail—but I do not intend to analyze the many deft touches of direction and pace that make this picture really delightful, as silly as defining the mood put on you by a concert devoted entirely to Ravel and Debussy. The leading man, whose name I haven't handy, was easily more engaging than the much publicized Chevalier, but all credit must go to Réne Clare, the director. His production is pleasing to the eyes, it is unpretentious, it has the most ingenious direction of any talking picture shown in this country and, furthermore, all this comes out of a nation that long has been noted for its atrocious movies. Which makes M. Clare head director of the business as far as I'm concerned.

Recommended

"The Blue Angel"—A sombre German show, with Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich. Long and foreordained, but worth a look.

"Feet First"—A Negro comic is funnier than Lloyd. Amusing at times.

"Hell's Angels"—The best picture of the year.

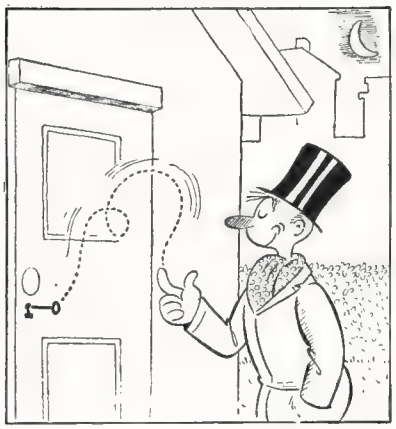
"Lightnin' "—That lovable, lovable, old columnist Will Rogers.

"Morocco"—The 1931 vampire, Miss Dietrich, in another Foreign Legion romance that happens to be well directed in parts.

"Outward Bound"—The old play solemnly transferred to the screen by a splendid cast.

"See America Thirst"—A gorgeous satirical idea carelessly produced.

"The Devil to Pay"—Ronald Colman as a successful prodigal son.



JUDGING THE BOOKS

"THE MURDERER INVISIBLE," by Philip Wylie, is the story of a man who figured out a scientific way to make himself invisible, in order to get revenge on the wolves who fleeced him in Wall Street. After he's done the trick, he's able to knock off people and then stand around watching the bulls (Oops, sorry—flat-feet) discover the bodies. The book makes a pretty fair thriller at that, once Mr. Wylie gets the literary urge off his chest with some lush description in his first chapter. But he irks readers like bluff old Shane with his unerring instinct for tony words instead of five-cent ones. For example, he's one of the increasing horde of young writers who, not content with having their heroes use lighters (that work) for their cigarettes, have to call them "briquets." There is also one laugh where Wylie uses that fine old synonym for "hock"—"hypothecate," when he means "hypothesize." Well, he's young yet and he isn't trying to imitate Hemingway.

UPTON SINCLAIR, the Pasadena Pink and apostle of aerated raisin-stew, raw vegetable roti, paper-bag cookery and sundry squawks for the single tax, has doped it out that the decadence of ancient Rome is being paralleled today in—guess where! In, by my aunt's grandmother's lemon drops—Indianapolis! On this charming conceit he hangs his latest plea for social reform, a wild dingus in which the usual Sinclairian messiahism is thrown into a stew-pot containing a plot in which the hero's car turns over during an automobile race and he wakes up under a chariot in the Colosseum. So he lives in Rome until his brain lesion heals, when he snaps to in—of all places—Indianapolis! By then he is a sadder and wiser man. Get it?

The Roman parallel involves a lot of inflammable stuff about holding down the workers, bootlegging among the Seven Hills and other snappy modern tie-ups. The book will sell the customary million in Germany and smells a little as if Upton wouldn't mind hearing some bids for it from Walter Wanger and Ad Zukor. What old Upton is going to do when he's thru cleaning up the world's ills we hesitate to think on as being too awful.

SELMA LAGERLÖF'S "The Ring of the Löwensköld"—and to save you from finger-pointing, you don't pronounce it anything but "Levenshelds," which we have on genuine Swedish-maid authority — is a fairy-tale for men and women who are only kiddies grown up. Like all fairy-tales, it is a profound thing at bottom, defining good and evil, and it will leave you, if you eat it up, with the sense of self-righteousness that a good old-fashioned moral purging always does.

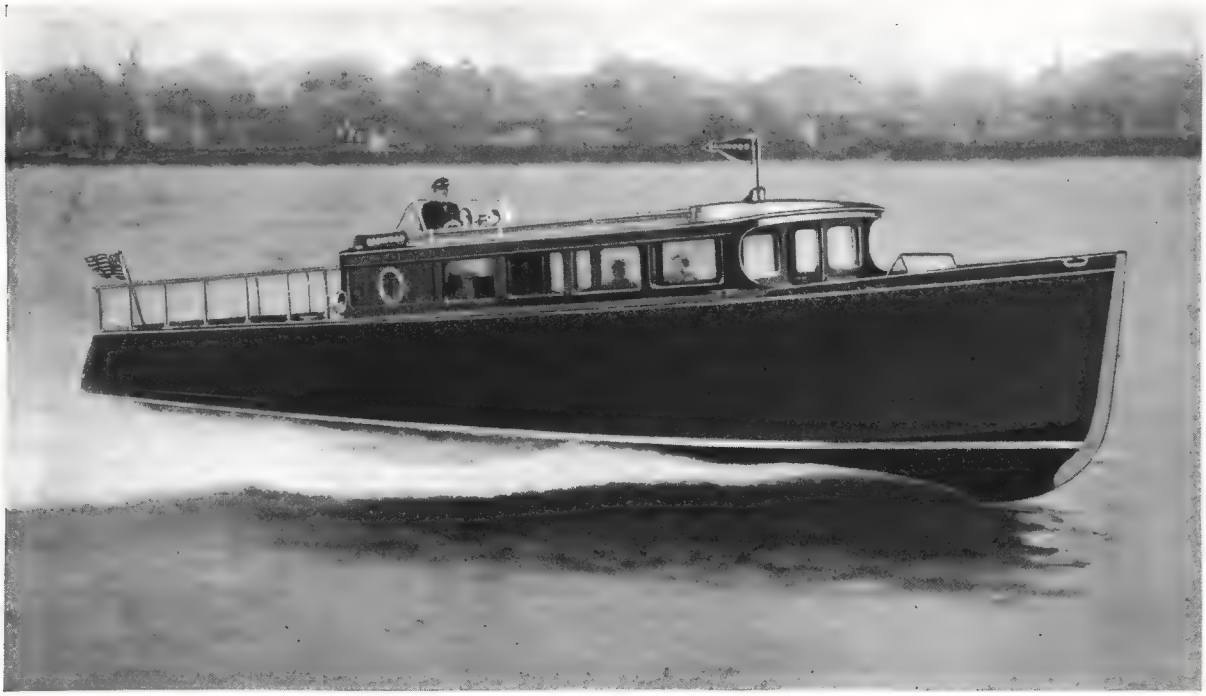
It is one of those semi-fantastic books of the Scandinavian school, welded of flourish and romantic treatment in which magic and almost anything else is plausible. It is also a splendid example of the Swedish tendency to bulge in literature by taking several volumes to get the idea across. Since it took only three for this particular dodo, we are moderately content, altho we aren't quite sure that Dr. Lagerlöf is. She might easily have run on with a few volumes more. She's hardly made par for the course.

This, then, is the story of a ring that was stolen 'way back from the grave of General Löwenskölds. It brought misfortune to those who possessed it: at first purely physical punishment, such as poverty, fire and death, and in later generations psychological pants-warmings. Four magnificent characters stalk thru it all, and tho they are festooned overmuch with a pen given to fancy scrawls and curlicues, they emerge as actual and convincing as anything our Hemingways create. These are K. Arthur, a fanatic nobleman with a Jehovah complex; Charlotte Löwensköld, wilful and passionate; the Baroness Ekenstedt, one of those witty, debonair dames one encounters in novels and on the stage but never in real life; and finally Anna Svärd, the beautiful, illiterate peasant whom K. Arthur marries because he thinks she has been selected for him by none other than God himself.

The book has over 800 pages, which would lead you to suspect rightly that it is the January choice of the Literary Guild that believes that big books are good books and issue such wagon-loads as "Success" and "R. v. R."

EDGAR LEE MASTERS, having heard of Witter Bynner, quickly donned his mandarin coat, scanned fifty old laundry tickets and turned out "Lichee Nuts," one of those things of phonee Chinee poetree, evidently done in one bleath at one slitting. It might be described as Lee Masters dipped in bird's-nest soup, covered with a generous portion of Yar Go Main and finished off with a couple of cumquots. In still other words, nuts, and we don't mean Lichee.

GAR WOOD



THE GREATEST NAME
IN MOTOR BOATING

For 1931, Gar Wood, Incorporated, presents the fastest standardized cruiser of her size ever offered by any builder. Forty feet from cutwater to transom, this able and commodious craft is designed to provide a top speed of 40 miles per hour.

The power plant is a Gar Wood, 12-cylinder, 425-H. P. engine, similar to those which Commodore Wood drove to many victories in his famous "Miss Americas".

The hull and cabin are in natural-finish mahogany and decks are of teak. Comfortable and spacious sleeping accommodations for four are provided in the cabin together with galley and toilet facilities.

All controls are centralized at the steering wheel aft of the cabin. Dual controls in the forward cockpit may be installed if desired.

For those who are satisfied with slightly less speed, this new cruiser may be equipped with a pair of 200-H. P. Scripps engines which drive her at a maximum of 37 miles per hour.

A special catalog, describing the new Gar Wood cruiser in detail, is available and will be mailed upon request.

GAR WOOD, INCORPORATED

MARYSVILLE, MICHIGAN

your barber knows this FACE NET!

. . . the network of Pores which traps the Dirt

Every first-class barber knows that it's difficult to *wash* your face clean.

He knows that water won't remove the deep-down dirt which is imbedded fast within your pores.

BUT—he has that famous pink magic—Pompeian Massage Cream, which penetrates each pore and *rolls out* the dirt. Watch him rub it in—a pink and rosy cream. A fresh, tingling sensation follows . . . and then out it rolls. Pink? No, grubby, grimy, grey pellets—dingy with pore dirt. And now your face is *clean.*

Ask for a Pompeian Massage after your shave. Tell your barber to use the *genuine Pompeian Massage Cream.* Keep a jar in the bathroom and use it yourself. You'll never be satisfied with *a washed* face after you've seen your skin really clean—ruddy with healthy color.

A large size jar is only 60c. Get it today at any drug-store!

The Pompeian Co., Inc., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. (*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York and Toronto.)

POMPEIAN
PINK MASSAGE
CREAM

1931 Orders

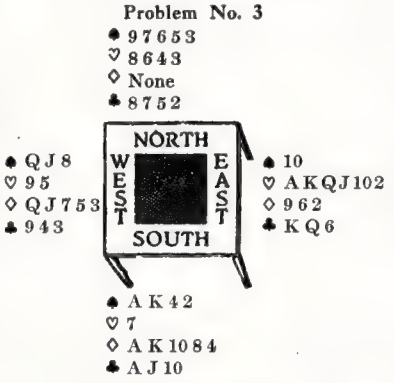
from new advertisers in Judge four times greater than corresponding record a year ago.

HOW GOOD IS YOUR BRIDGE GAME?

Sidney S. Lenz

Below are reprinted the third and fourth problems in the $22,000 Bridge Contest, together with Mr. Lenz' bidding. In following issues the eight remaining problems will be shown. When scoring is completed prizes will be awarded and names of successful contestants will be published.

Problem No. 3



Mr. Lenz' Bidding

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 Diamond	Pass	Pass	1 Heart
1 Spade	Pass	Pass	2 Hearts
3 Diamonds	Pass	3 Spades	4 Hearts
Double	Pass	4 Spades	Pass
Pass	Pass		

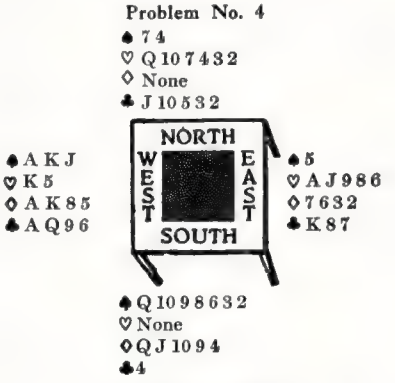
(*Maximum score,* 18 *points*)

With two biddable suits, the longer one is given the preference, especially so when the shorter is of but four cards. To attempt a rescue with North's hand would be poor strategy. East does not preëmpt, because a suit has already been shown. Had East been the opening bidder, three Hearts would have been a proper declaration.

On the second round South shows the Spades and on the third round goes back to Diamonds to give partner his choice. East's four Hearts is a justifiable overbid and South should double and permit partner to decide whether to play for the game or penalty.

Of course, with North's freak distribution, the double must not be left in. North holds an honest-to-goodness raise in Spades and his three Spade bid was merely a preference showing, on the partner's call of two suits.

Problem No. 4



Mr. Lenz' Bidding

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Pass	1 No Trump	Pass	2 Hearts
2 Spades	2 No Trumps	Pass	Pass
3 Spades	3 No Trumps	Pass	Pass
4 Diamonds	Double	4 Spades	Pass
Pass	Double	Pass	Pass
Pass			

(*Maximum score,* 21 *points*)

South, not having quick-trick values for an original bid, is, nevertheless, justified in overcalling with two and three Spades. On the fourth round, it is apparent that the adversaries hold a game hand and the two-suited distribution should be shown. Holding twelve cards in two suits, very little assistance is required from partner to minimize the loss on an adverse double. North, with a very poor hand, is nevertheless forced to take partner back to the suit that he is best able to support.

West has a very close decision to make as to the advisability of doubling or going on with the No Trumps. The original pass by dealer seems to warrant the belief that his "flag-flying" will be punished so heavily as to nullify the loss of game.

It will be noted that, should West open the Diamond suit, Declarant would be set but one trick.

Just the Best Time

(*Continued from page* 10)

"Three o'clock in the morning,
We'll dance the whole night
through . . . "

I think maybe we have got into a musical show by mistake. "How much do they have to pay them singers?" I asks my 1931 model of perfection. "I think they are terrible and several of them is off key."

Jack is now real sore but I do not know why. "They do not pay them singers. In fact them singers paid to get in this jernt. They are just razzing the fighters."

Well I must say I do not see how you razz fighters by singing Three o'Clock in the Morning. I suppose if they wanted to cheer the fighters they would have sang Yes, We Have No Bananas or Boop-Boop-A-Doop or something. Well all of a sudden Battling Parker hits Kid Blotz and down he goes in a heap. The referee starts counting over the poor egg plant.

"My goodness," I tell Jack, "you'd think that heel would help that poor fighter up instead of counting like that. He might be hurt."

You see Mamie they have a rule that when a fighter is knocked down the referee counts ten and if the fighter is not up by then the other one wins the fight. I asks Jack why they pick out "ten" and he says because that is the highest that referees can count up to.

By now the crowd is cheering and I tell Jack, "They are a queer bunch. They boo the fighters all during the fight and now it is over they cheer."

"They are cheering because the fight is over but come let us scram out of here as there is something I want to ask you and I want to be alone with you when I ask it," says Jack.

Well right away I knew what he meant but I could only blush and say "Oh, Jack." So when we get home I ask Jack, I ask, "Jack what did you mean when you said to me that there was something you wanted to ask me when we were alone?"

Jack laughed and said, "Well Babe I had an idea that I and you could make some money. If I give you a lot of cards to the Plumbers and Mechanics Bridge and Whist Club will you give a card to each customer who comes to your counter to buy stockings? Then you and I will get a cut on what they spend at the club."

But Mamie I know what he really meant to ask me, but he just lost his nerve at the last minute but don't worry Mamie it won't be long now before we are paying one dollar down on a radio and an ice box because I am just cu-razy about Jack and whenever we go out we have just the best time.

CORD
FRONT DRIVE

Be sure
and see the
greatest fine
car value

$2395

f. o. b. Auburn, Ind.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, IND.

The PRESIDENT
Atlantic City's Newest
Boardwalk Hotel
Sea Water Swimming Pool
Marine Sun Deck
American - European Plan
Reduced Fall and Winter Rates
Also Beautifully Furnished
Housekeeping Apartments
by the week or month.
Charles D. Boughton, Manager

JUDGE is on sale at all newsstands, hotels and terminals. The new issue appears Thursday of every week. Order your copies in advance.

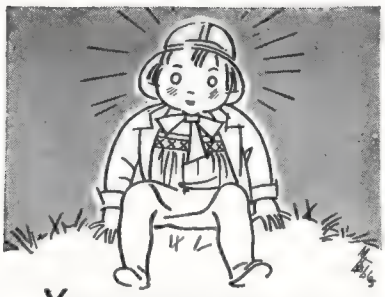
A GOOD MIXER
Use Abbott's Bitters To
Flavor Beverages
50c Sample for 25c in Stamps
Address Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Md.

TWENTIETH CENTURY ENCYCLOPEDIA

Containing more than 40,000 subjects extending from remote antiquity through present-day modernity. Including a Loose-Leaf Revision Service, enabling the purchaser to keep in touch with the latest scientific, inventive and historical subjects. Ten volumes and binder, including the latest authentic maps and charts. Super finished binding delightfully embossed.

Complete information furnished on request without obligation.

THE WORLD LIBRARY GUILD
120 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
1440 B'WAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



YOUR BABY WILL LIKE THIS HOTEL . . .

Because baby's meals can be cooked in the convenient complete kitchen that is a part of every suite. Grown-ups may prefer to eat in the hotel dining room but particular babies want food prepared by mother or nurse. Baby will also enjoy playing in Central Park—half a block away.

Write for illustrated booklet, describing the many features of the Croydon appealing to babies (and their elders).

Apartments with 2, 3, 4, or more rooms—by the day, month or year—furnished or unfurnished.

The Croydon
12 EAST 86th ST. · · · NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: BUTTERFIELD 4000
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
WILBUR T. EMERSON

CROSS WORD

Something Athletic Girls Slip On In The Morning? Wrong again! Ice. And that's a mild one from the rollicking collection of fifty of the best JUDGE cross word puzzles that our contributors have yet devised. You'll have to watch your step if you're going to have the last word in this argument. Fifty snappy puzzles chuck full of wise-cracks and laughter, anyway you take 'em, horizontal or vertical, all in JUDGE's Second Cross Word Puzzle Book.

Order your copy now. Five thousand rib-splitting laughs, all for $1.50.

1-24-31

JUDGE PUBLISHING CO., Inc.,
18 East 48th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Please send me ..... copies of Judge's Second Cross Word Puzzle Book, at $1.50 each, for which I enclose:

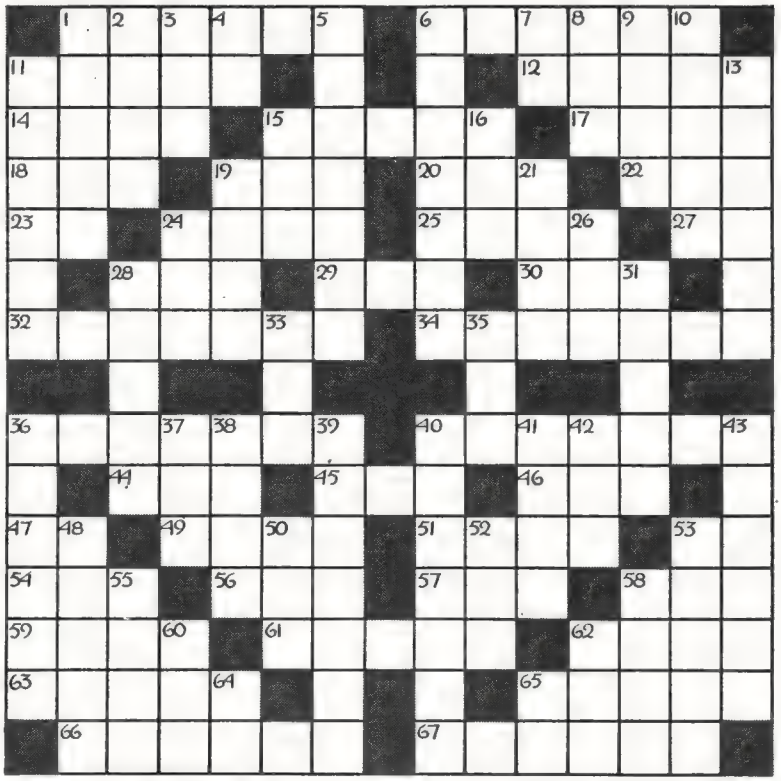
$.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 192



Submitted by Duncan Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Judge pays $10 for each puzzle printed.

Horizontal

1. What our janitor brings to our apartment each winter.
6. Brother's nemesis.
11. This comes wrapped in cotton.
12. What wary policemen refuse in Chicago (plu.).
14. Spinach sifter on a domestic bird.
15. Expensive uproar.
17. One on the house.
18. What he done to th' howerse daown East.
19. What Capone writes history with.
20. To get into the hair of.
22. This stands for the very latest.
23. He made sidewalks famous.
24. Where they started their New Year's revolutions early.
25. Clamp the mitts to.
27. This Chinese sounds as tho it'd stop a horse.
28. A touching letter from son at college.
29. This is both food and drink.
30. Anyone who differs from us.
32. A highfalutin' note.
34. Violent yellers.
36. To settle.
40. Loving clouds—they hug the horizon.
44. A keen lookout for the New Year.
45. An extra seat in the subway.
46. Signs of the times.
47. Heroine of print shop.
49. Pajama chassis.
51. Water carrier.
53. Devil's lunch.
54. You can make light of this.
56. Weakend covering.
57. Golfer's alibi.
58. A well-fed kitty makes a good-sized this.
59. Where it's always roomy and airy.
61. Preserves fit for a king.
62. Political profundity.
63. Just another fit.
65. Flowers of speech.
66. Beef à la hunks.
67. The control a wife has over her husband at a night club.

Vertical

1. A wet, loving, foolish time.
2. A substitute for a detour.
3. Next week's roast beef.
4. Mutual back-scratcher.
5. Grab off.
6. This'll hand you a wallop.
7. The old boy, himself.
8. Here's a hot one for the waiter.
9. Early Hebraic Henpeck Hall.
10. What to do to old notes.
11. A five-cent shave.
13. Gossip exchanges.
15. A slow poker.
16. A we follower.
19. They don't come tougher than this one.
21. Western game, now extinct.
24. This is a horrid matter.
26. This often results in a wearing off the green.
28. "I'll take the same."
31. Trials out of court.
33. What they made boom-boom with in Florida.
35. Where to be when greeting the insurance agent.
36. A five-cent need.
37. Where she finally put her husband.
38. To be up against it.
39. A brass tack.
40. What a loving stenographer doesn't have to be.
41. Nutty noise.
42. Dry suffix.
43. Where the anvil chorus started.
48. The mother of a Hahvahd man.
50. Pedigreed gals (abbr.).
52. What they do in households before shooting it out.
53. Something young women never hunt men in.
55. A spine parker.
58. The great enemy of the barber.
60. A rabid rooter.
62. This'll scare you to death.
64. Specific direction.
65. Along after lunch (abbr.).

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

C	H	A	M	P	A	G	N	E	■	M	A	J	O	R
P	A	R	A	■	D	O	E	R	■	A	L	I	B	I
A	L	A	R	■	D	A	W	N	■	I	G	L	O	O
S	O	B	R	I	E	T	Y	■	U	N	I	T	E	S
■	■	■	I	N	D	■	O	B	E	S	E	■	■	■
W	A	V	E	S	■	P	R	Y	■	A	R	R	A	S
A	G	E	D	■	Y	A	K	■	V	I	S	I	O	N
T	I	N	■	D	E	W	■	E	E	L	■	P	R	O
E	L	U	D	E	S	■	V	A	T	■	V	E	T	O
R	E	S	I	N	■	S	A	T	■	C	A	R	A	T
■	■	■	S	T	O	I	C	■	L	O	G	■	■	■
H	A	T	P	I	N	■	A	N	A	G	R	A	M	S
A	C	R	E	S	■	U	T	E	S	■	A	L	O	E
S	M	E	L	T	■	S	E	T	S	■	N	E	O	N
H	E	E	L	S	■	A	S	S	O	R	T	E	R	S

The Theatre

(*Continued from page* 16)

direction and much of the acting leave a great deal to be desired. But Weitzenkorn, who not long ago himself was briefly managing editor of a tabloid, knows his onions so perfectly, knows so well and intimately the workings of the tabloid editorial mind and penetrates so thoroughly into the tabloid hide that the recognizable truth of his writing triumphs over its cheapness and its crudeness and often flashes forth blindingly. His "Five Star Final" may be tawdry stuff as drama goes, but it isn't fake stuff. He knows what he is writing about even if he is unable to write it as competently as it might be written. And I'd rather sit before the honest play of a poor writer any day than before the dishonest one of some more skilful literary hand.

Arthur Byron, save for an occasional tendency to muff his lines, is convincing in the role of the managing editor who finally gags at the tabloid stench. Malcolm Duncan gives a believable performance as the husband of the woman hounded by the tabloid and, as the woman's daughter, Frances Fuller, in a brief scene in the final episode, shows herself a very promising young player.

Nathan Recommends

"The Green Pastures" (Mansfield)—I've been recommending it to you for so long now that if you haven't yet seen it, there's nothing I can do about you.

"The Vinegar Tree" (Playhouse)—If you want an evening of sophisticated humor, this witty comedy will serve you nicely.

"Once in a Lifetime" (Music Box)—And if you want to laugh your head off, hie yourself to this Hollywood lampoon.

"Three's a Crowd" (Selwyn)—Fred Allen's quips, Clifton Webb's hoofing and Libby Holman's yodeling will pass the time agreeably.

"Smiles" (Ziegfeld)—The Astaires, the royal family of the American dance, plus Ziegfeld's tasteful staging, will make you forget the leaden book.

"Fine and Dandy" (Erlanger)—Joe Cook displaying his newest monkey inventions.

"The New Yorkers" (Broadway)—Jimmy Durante in a show that is consistently funny. One of the sketches will make you howl.

Nathan Recommends With Reservations

"Five Star Final" (Cort)—As dramatic art, critically zero, but as a blast against the tabloids it has its points.

"Oh, Promise Me" (Morosco)—Some loud low humor enlivens a farce that is rather obviously carpentered.

"The Man in Possession" (Booth)—Conventional comedy, but it has a number of diverting episodes.

"Elizabeth, the Queen" (Beck)—Lynn Fontanne's excellent performance in a moderately interesting pseudo-historical romance.

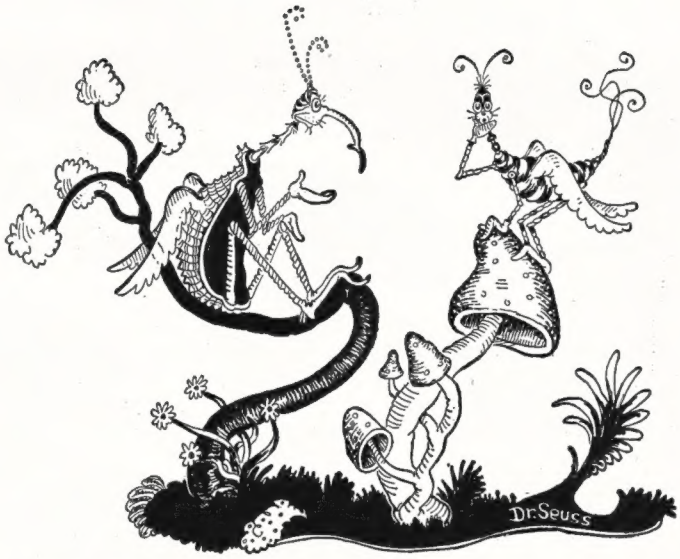
Notes on Other Exhibits

"The Life Line" (Vanderbilt)—Very dreary stuff.

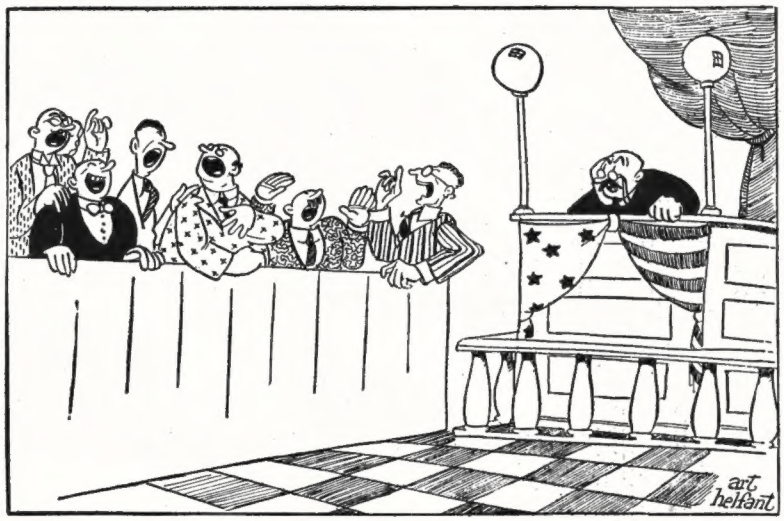
"The Truth Game" (Barrymore)—Almost equally dreary.

"Queen at Home" (Times Square)—I have announced that I decline to review any more of Mr. Mears' productions.

"Tonight or Never" (Belasco)—Still more sex wham from the Belasco atelier.



"Now it's an hypothetical case, I know,—but if you were up to your neck in Flit and someone heaved a brick at your head, . . . would you duck?"—ADVT.



JUDGE has made them happy. After days of debating a jury of 12 men became sour-faced. The wise old Judge had a date, and rather than be held up ordered a copy of JUDGE placed in the jury room. Presto! Everyone is friendly — happy — yes, hilarious — and JUDGE did the trick.

WHY NOT MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY? SUBSCRIBE NOW!

JUDGE—18 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y. 1-24-31

PLEASE SEND **JUDGE** FOR 1 YEAR, $5.00 ☐; 2 YEARS, $7.80 ☐; 21 WEEKS, $2.00 ☐.

TO

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Buffalo, N. Y.—*Arrested for loitering, a young man proved that he had been hanging around a corner for two hours, waiting for a girl.*

Goldsboro, N. C.—*Obtaining the check book of his grandfather, who couldn't read or write, a youth forged checks with the cross mark the old gentleman used as a signature.*

Monticello, N. Y.—*A burglar crawled under a bed in a home he had entered here when he thought he heard someone coming. He fell asleep and his snoring led to his arrest.*

Cleveland, Ohio.—*Bridge Whist became a safer and saner game when L. A. Lux perfected an automatic dealing device that shuffles, passes out four hands in twenty seconds and defies "misdeal" complaints.*

How It All Came About

(*Continued from page 7*)

SECRETARY: Of course not, but I did attack Mr. Van Dyke and the American Academy. There was nothing about that in the files, but inasmuch as it just came up——

Mr. Lewis: Fine! That's very timely. And you gave the universities hell, of course?

Secretary: Oh, yes—featuring the pedants and football.

Mr. Lewis: That's right. What did you do about humanism?

Secretary: Why I criticized it for its vagueness, naturally, and then, taking up in turn Irving Babbitt, More, and Foerster, I——

Mr. Lewis: Hey, wait a minute! Cross that part out. I haven't read any of those men very thoroughly, and it wouldn't do to be too specific.

Secretary: Very well. Now then; for the mechanical era I have: "—in a land of sixty-story skyscrapers——"

Mr. Lewis: Uh uh. I think they've just put up an eighty-story building in New York.

Secretary: I'm sorry. "—in a land of eighty-story skyscrapers."

Mr. Lewis: That's better.

Secretary: Well, there you are.

Mr. Lewis: What do you mean, there I am?

Secretary: I mean there's the gist of your speech.

Mr. Lewis: (Eyeing him incredulously) Have you lost your mind?

Secretary: Why? What's the matter? What have I forgotten?

Mr. Lewis: Young man, is that your complete outline for a speech attacking the U. S. A.?

Secretary: Well, now. I thought—that is——

Mr. Lewis: Come, come, you're not thinking. You've left out any mention of golf!

Secretary: Well, Lord help me, can you beat it? I don't see how that could have happened. It's the first time in my entire career I ever slipped up on that. "—men in knickers chasing a ridiculous white ball—"

Mr. Lewis: O.K.

Secretary: Well, I guess that clears up things. I'll start typing it.

Mr. Lewis: Very good. Now don't bother me any more. "Vowel sounds in Swedish take on——"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

Answers to Something Under Your High Hat (p. 21)

1. Small shellfish; mollusks.
2. Baby talk.
3. The saxophone.
4. Roxy's.
5. Nedick.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, N. Y.

"Take me away from him!"

"Lock me up so I cannot escape—beat me if you like—and I will tell you all I know. But while HE is my master I will not betray HIM!"

Terrified, trembling, she crouched there—an exotic vision from the Orient—pleading with the stern-faced detective to save her from the fiend she called "Master!"

Who was this girl—whose rare loveliness stood out so richly against its setting of murder and deviltry?

Who was this Yellow Monster who plucked men from life and left no clue behind?

What were the strange bonds that made her his slave?

If you would join London's greatest detectives in unwinding this and many other equally baffling Oriental Mysteries—if you would match your wits against the most diabolical Oriental cunning ever conceived—then by all means send at once for Your Free Examination Set of

If you would enjoy exciting and unbelievable adventures as you plunge from the bright world of the West into the dubious underworld of the East—send for your free examination set while this offer is still open! Mail the coupon now—you risk nothing!

MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY

11 Volumes of Matchless Thrills by SAX ROHMER

NO ORDINARY mystery stories are these, but the hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient itself!

Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—to the jungles of Malay, along strange paths to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

THRILLS FROM COVER TO COVER

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf.

These are the sort of stories that famous statesmen, financiers and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. To read these absorbing tales of the mysterious East is to cast your worries into oblivion—to increase your efficiency.

IF YOU ACT NOW!

A fortunate circumstance enables us to offer you free, as a premium for promptness, this beautiful 16-inch Karamaneh necklace of fine imported simulated light green JADE and small moonstones.

JADE is the semi-precious stone celebrated by poets and the delight of Chinese emperors.

The retail value of this lovely necklace is $3.00—but you get it free if you accept our offer now!

PRICED FOR QUICK SALE

Cutting royalties to the bone and printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap, makes this low price possible. But the number is limited; so mail coupon today!

Complete Sets Free on Approval

You needn't send a cent. Simply mail the coupon and this amazing set will go to you immediately, all charges prepaid. If it fails to delight you, return it in ten days at our expense, and you owe us nothing.

THE INSIDIOUS DR. FU MANCHU SAX ROHMER Vol. 1
THE RETURN DR. FU MANCHU SAX ROHMER Vol. 2
THE HAND OF FU MANCHU SAX ROHMER Vol. 3
DOPE SAX ROHMER Vol. 4
THE YELLOW CLAW SAX ROHMER Vol. 5
TALES OF SECRET EGYPT SAX ROHMER Vol. 6
QUEST OF THE SACRED SLIPPER SAX ROHMER Vol. 7
GREEN EYES OF BAST SAX ROHMER Vol. 8
THE GOLDEN SCORPION SAX ROHMER Vol. 9
BAT WING SAX ROHMER Vol. 10
FIRE TONGUE SAX ROHMER Vol. 11

MAIL COUPON TODAY. YOU RISK NOTHING

Dept. 114-1-31
McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE
114 E. 16 St., N. Y.

Send me for free examination, charges prepaid, your set of Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsome cloth volumes. If after 10 days, I am delighted, I will send you $1.00 promptly and $1.00 a month for only 14 months when you receive my first payment you are to send me the Karamaneh necklace without extra cost. Otherwise, I will return the set in 10 days at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

Name .....

Street .....

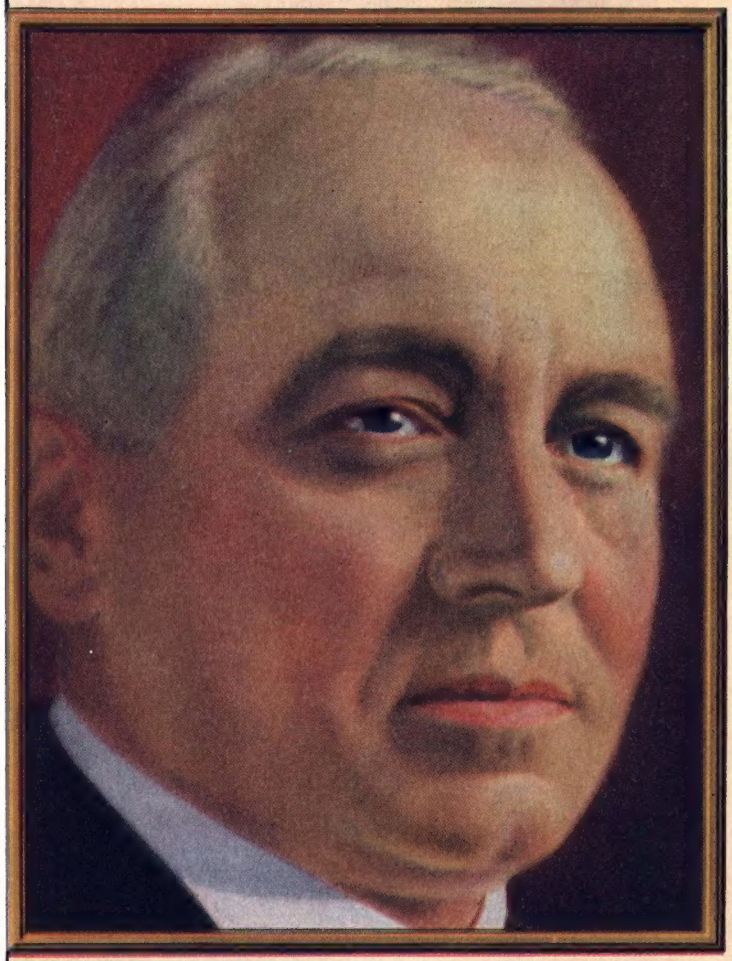
City ..... State .....

Occupation .....

Age: Over 21? ..... Under 21? ..... 5% off for cash.

McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie, Dept. 114-114 E. 16 St. New York City, N. Y.

"CLEAR EVIDENCE"



Says

L. J. HOROWITZ

Chairman of the Board
Thompson-Starrett Co., Inc.

Builders of the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the Woolworth Building, the Paramount Building, the Equitable Building, New York; the General Motors Building in Detroit; the Palmer House in Chicago.

"When modern enterprise joins hands with sure-footed experience, success becomes a certainty. The fusion of these two important factors has given Thompson-Starrett over a billion dollars worth of activity in thirty years. It is interesting to note the application of this same principle in your business. Its clear evidence is your use of the Ultra Violet Ray in the 'Toasting' of the LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos."

L. J. Horowitz

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why TOASTING includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE — the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so TOASTING removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder 20,679 physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating!

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. L. J. Horowitz to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Horowitz appears on this page.

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.

QUADRI-COLOR CO., JAMAICA, N.